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EPIC OF A MODERN MARCO POLO

General Pereira's Great Journey Across the Chinese Empire

PEKING TO LHASA: The Narrative of Journeys in the Chinese Empire Made by the late Brig. Gen. George Pereira, C. B., C. M. G., D. S. O. Compiled by Sir Francis Younghusband, K. C. S. I., K. C. I. E., From Notes and Diaries Supplied by Major Gen. Sir Cecil Pereira, K. C. B., C. M. G. With maps and illustrations. 396 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

GENERAL PEREIRA was one of the most indefatigable travelers of all time. Many moderns have covered greater mileage, comfortably transported in palatial liners, or bumped and battered by rail or automobile. But General Pereira did most of his traveling on foot, on muleback or in springless carts over gullied roads. His favorite traveling ground was the interior of China, where the comforts of the wayfarer are perhaps even less now than they were in the days of Marco Polo. Furthermore, he enjoyed high places, and in his journeys in the neighborhood of Tibet often camped at altitudes of over 12,000 feet. Weather did not daunt him, and physical hardships spurred him to increased determination to push through to his objective. He was 56 years old when he set out on these his last journeys recorded in this volume, and after undergoing for two years hardship that would have exhausted most younger men, died of a gastric ulcer in the far interior of China.

"Peking to Lhasa" is a valuable contribution to the literature of travel in the remote regions of Asia. It is not a book to beguile the stay-at-home like the tales of the romantic Ossendowski, nor to satisfy the sense of adventure, as the works of Younghusband and McGovern. Nor has it the charm of the book of travels of the late W. W. Rockhill. Its interest lies in the informing character of General Pereira's observations. A trained military observer, with twenty years' experience in China, thoroughly familiar with the Chinese people, their language and their history, he was able to record faithfully a large mass of information about the interior of China, including geographical data, notes on various tribes and their customs, and material about the resources and natural life of the country.

From the Jacket Design for "Peking to Lhasa."

The General's diaries have been edited by Sir Francis Younghusband, one of the great authorities on Central Asia. Although the selections and compilations which this distinguished scholar has made undoubtedly contain those portions of Pereira's narrative which are of most significance, one wonders whether in paraphrasing most of the material, as he so obviously has done, he has not deprived the matter of that vitality which almost any genuine diary possesses. The reader has the feeling that Sir Francis has performed his editorial task with only his fellow-members of the Royal Geographical Society in mind. Certainly they and the handful of persons in this country who are interested in obtaining a more complete knowledge of the geography of Central Asia will find the volume fascinating. But those who delight in tales of exploration and travel will classify this volume as more informing than absorbing.

This is all the more pity in that General Pereira's journey was in reality a marvelous achievement. Having previously crossed the vast interior stretches of the Chinese Empire from the west to the east, passing through parts of Russian and Chinese Turkestan, he decided, in 1921, to cross the empire from east to west, going from Peking to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, and thence down into India. Accordingly he left Peking on Feb. 15, 1921, and arrived in Lhasa on Oct. 17, 1922, a distance of 6,360¼ miles, of which he walked 3,527¼. Most of the distance covered otherwise than on foot had been on muleback or in chairs. A few small treks were made by boat, and the stretch from Peking to Tientsin was made by train. These bare figures gave an idea of the difficulties of his journey. Incidentally they throw a light on the present chaotic state of China, for they bring out how modern Western civilization has penetrated only a very short distance from the great coast ports, and how the interior of China is still in much the same condition, economically as well as socially, as it was a thousand or more years ago. There was a different Government then, and the foreign barbarians were primarily tribes from Central Asia, instead of being Europeans and Americans. In the old days the bandits were under more control, and the soldiers were less likely to turn bandit. But, in the main, conditions as he found them are just as they were when Marco Polo traveled, and when other early wayfarers were hardy enough to penetrate the endless hinterland which is now the heart of Asia.

During the first half of his journey, which took him into the westernmost provinces of China, General Pereira underwent the usual experiences of travelers in the interior of China. He had his two "boys" and hired or bought animals to take him and his supplies along the various stages of his journey. He carried staple articles of food for his personal use—he was unaccompanied by other white men till the end of his second journey—and emergency rations for his outfit. As a rule he stayed in the local Chinese inns—incredibly filthy, noisy and uncomfortable. He was entertained by the Chinese officials with the old-fashioned rigid etiquette prescribed for such occasions, and wherever he found European or American missionaries or business representatives stayed with them. The roads were for the most part atrociously bad and frequently infested with brigands. But he pushed on steadily, letting nothing halt him or disturb him. In fact, this quality of relentlessness is one of the few personal manifestations that creep through the paraphrased lines of his diaries. There was about him in his attitude toward himself and his travels a little of that fanaticism which used to harry our New England ancestors into incessantly "doing something." Up hill and down, through mountain torrent and muddy swamp, in the hot sun or pouring rain, he pushed on, day after day. Even when he got into the highlands near Tibet he crossed passes 15,000 feet high with only a slight slowing down of his general rate of travel. When it is recalled that he was nearly 60, and that half that altitude is often a trial for younger people, it is easy to understand the intensity of his fortitude. Only occasionally did he become exhausted physically. Once he noted that he felt "very ancient" and another time that "the old man was weary."

It took him more than a year to reach the town of Tangar, in the Western Chinese Province of Kansu, from where the real start into Tibet was to be made. There he received the disappointing news that a Danish traveler who had sought to go in to Lhasa from China had been stopped at the border and turned back. Pereira pushed on, however, bound for Chamdo, ruled over by the Dalai Lama, 793 miles to the south and west. He realized that when he got there he might be refused admission, and that his eighteen months' walk might prove in vain. But he continued his journey, and when at last at Chamdo, within ten or twelve days of his destination, had to settle down to wait nearly a month while the local ruler sent through a messenger to the Dalai Lama for permission for the English General to go forward.

At last the necessary permit came, and he set forth on the lap of his journey that was to mean the realization of his life's dream. It is here that this volume is most disappointing to the lay reader, for the observations continue to be made in a matter-of-fact style—the altitude, the weather, the nature of the road, the kind of people passed. To realise that they record the end of one of the most remarkable journeys through one of the least-known portions of the globe requires considerable exercise of the imagination. Either the General himself lacked the ability to make this tale vivid, or Sir Francis Younghusband suppressed all but the informative data. It is annoyingly dry—annoying because the material for a great story is so carefully buried under facts that are of interest only to geographers.

Even when at last the General entered Lhasa, Younghusband paraphrases his description of it as "a rather dirty city with houses of stone, two or three stories high, with the usual quaint Tibetan windows. . . . It was a treat for him to see shops again." To be sure, the editor here uses one of the few direct quotations in the entire volume:

I entered with my white beard, very tired but happy, for the great trek was at last a thing to look back upon. The weary miles of tramping were over. Riding through the

(*Continued on Page 18*)

Louise Guiney Lived Under The Spell of the Stuarts

Charm of Her Personality Is Reflected in Her Collected Correspondence

LETTERS OF LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Edited by Grace Guiney, with a preface by Agnes Repplier. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.

By ***RICHARD LE GALLIENNE***

THOUGH Miss Guiney has been dead scarcely six years, she is already well on the way to that charming form of literary canonization which, in the case of some privileged writers, takes less account of the value of their writings than of something beautiful and precious in themselves, which, maybe, their writings only partially express, being, as it were, little more than "murmurs and scents" of their cloistered personalities touched with some "grace" that makes them loved, and gives them a significance apart from their achievements. Thus, already Miss Guiney's name brings a perfume in the mention, and already there is forming about her something of a "legend," not to be accounted for by her poetry or her essays, modestly good in quality as they are. The chief value of her writings seems to be in their illustration of herself. They serve their purpose in making us know her better, as she was known to many devoted friends to whom her memory is dear and fragrant. These letters will contribute further toward that end.

It would, of course, be excessive to put in an independent claim for them as literature, for they lack the impersonal-personal quality of the letters of the famous letter-writers, which are good reading in themselves apart from our knowledge of those who wrote or received them, yet they are unmistakeably valuable as creating a self-portrait of their writer, with all those unusual enthusiasms which make her something of an unique figure in America, and their vigor and vivacity give them no little attraction. Also, they flash many interesting sidelights on various other literary personalities of the period they cover, notably of the period broadly referred to as "the '90s."

Miss Guiney's fame illustrates the advantages, in some respects, of a writer being affiliated with those aristocratic minorities which are often so quietly but potently influential. Her father, Brig. Gen. P. R. Guiney, having distinguished himself in the Civil War, she was born into that set which Oliver Wendell Holmes used to call the "Brahmins" of New England, and as a girl she was one of the "Autocrat's" special favorites. He called her his "Little Golden Guinea," and, as Miss Repplier, whose gay pen too seldom delights us nowadays, says, "when she was young the literati of Boston made much of her," and "when she grew older, she established herself on terms of easy intimacy with scholars, authors, and editors."

She was also a devout Roman Catholic, one of the earliest American "Meynellites," in frequent correspondence with that famous Catholic Egeria of the '90s, Alice Meynell, as with Lionel Johnson and other English adherents of the Old Faith. By nature a champion of lost causes, she was, moreover, a passionate Jacobite—a sufficient incongruity in a New England girl. This Jacobitism runs like a bright romantic strand through all her letters and determined her chief literary enthusiasm, which was for such seventeenth century poets as Vaughan. "I know most seventeenth century English writers and I know nothing else," she wrote to Bertram Dobell, a fellow English enthusiast, and she confessed to Clement Shorter that her dream since she was a girl at school was to edit the "Minor Carolian Poets." In short, as Miss Repplier says, "Miss Guiney's spirits turned to England with the impulse of the homing pigeon . . . The spell of the Stuarts—that infatuation which will one day be analyzed and understood—held her in thrall." She was proud of having Jacobite ancestors and consistently she brought her Jacobitism delightfully up to date by piously observing the death day of the "royal martyr," Charles I, and by a quite fantastic hatred of that despised Hanoverian, Queen Victoria. Here is a characteristic passage from a letter to the Rev. W. H. van Allen, a sympathetic Episcopal clergyman, to whom some of her longest and best letters are addressed, and with whom we find her playfully breaking theological lances throughout. Her letter is dated from Auburndale, Mass., Feb. 3, 1897, she being then 36, and the hated Queen's jubilee being near at hand:

> I kept the day, of course, last Saturday [Jan. 30] in a concourse of one. . . . Somehow she [Queen Victoria] is as alkali to the Stuart acid. The good lady has her own excellent morals, and a thoroughly Georgian clod of a mind. . . . It comforts one much when I reflect that I shall not eat of London fog next Summer to remember the Jubilee junketings I could not endure at all. Sixty years on a stolen throne and not a pun uttered yet! Nay, not a single gracious endearing syllable like Charles the Second's to his House of Commons: "I know most of your names and faces; and I can never hope to find better men in your place." Clearly, that money-saving, gillie-adoring, etiquette-blinded, pudgy, plodding, unspiritual, uniterary, mercantile, dowdy, sparkless, befogged, continuous Teuton lady is not in one's line of life as a Necessary! How could Vandyck have posed her? What could Falkland have said to her which would have been comprehended? Or Montrose, or Dundee, or Saint Ken of Bath and Wells, or any poet from the young Randolph to the old Dorset? Off with her so-called-by-courtesy head, sez I, ere the begoddessing anniversary. . . . Sh, sh! . . .

Here is good and amusing hating, and what attractive imaginative loyalty to a lost cause! It will be gathered from this that Charles II was one of her heroes, her hero-in-chief, in fact, and in a book of hers, "Patrias," she has a gallant defense of his memory. "I don't think," she says, writing to another of her constant correspondents, Herbert E. Clarke, the English poet, "I had any hope or intention of overturning the common opinion of a very bad King, but I should like to help him to be better understood, and criticised on the right grounds"; and, again, writing as a fellow Catholic to Lionel Johnson, she says:

> Poor old Charles the Second! My own affection for him was always extreme, so much so that I shall hunt for him in Heaven. If I stop to analyse it, it seems to me to be maintained by half-a-dosen paradoxes. One of them certainly is, as aforementioned, that he was "unfaithful to Divine Grace." Why one should be beloved for resisting his angel is a problem * * * [in a previous letter she had said: "the point, I grant, is rather hasty, though it would not be so to a Catholic"] It's gratifying in the last degree that the King is a favorite with you, as well as with your namesake, Sam.

She makes us feel, too, that this passion for the Stuarts was no mere literary fancy, but that she would have been willing to give her life for them, had it been of any avail, even then in the nineteenth century as their followers, dust so many years, had loyally done so long before her. Surely that spell of the Stuarts has never had a more remarkable and romantic illustration. Being too late by two centuries for any such heroic witness to her loyalty, Miss Guiney did what she could by employing her pen in their service and playing "Old Mortality" to the neglected reputations of the Carolian poets.

Among Miss Guiney's other literary enthusiasms was James Clarence Mangan, the Irish poet of "Dark Rosaleen," whose work she also edited; Hazlitt, to whose Winterslow Hutt, near Salisbury Plain, we find her making a pilgrimage; Robert Louis Stevenson, a lock of whose hair she always carried with her, and, among other moderns, A. E. Housman, of "The Shropshire Lad." She was not without enthusiasms on this side of the water, and we get pleasant glimpses of those grave days when "The Chap-Book" was coming out in Chicago, and Gelett Burgess's "Lark" (a rare bibliographical book nowadays) was coming out in San Francisco. Would we might look upon its like again! But these letters must be especially pleasant reading to Bliss Carman, of whom we get many characteristic glimpses, as she introduces him to several English friends. As Mr. Carman will probably never see this, I will risk outraging his modesty by quoting this admirable sketch of him in a letter to Clement Shorter:

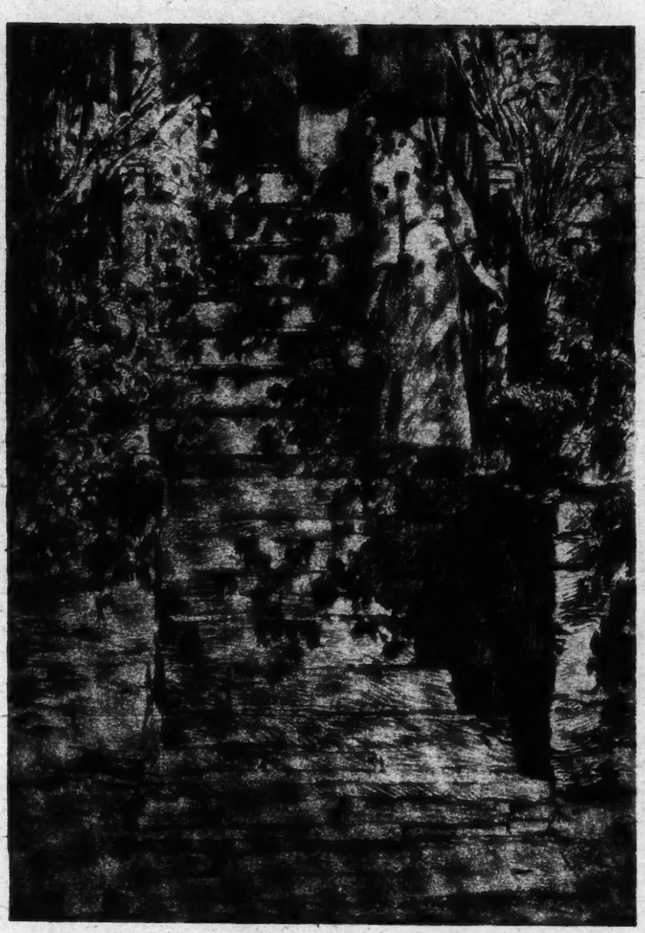
> Bliss Carman, an old colleague and great friend of mine, a dear gentle fellow, an admirable critic and student, as well as poet. * * * He is a queer fawn to look at, and not American, in our sense of the word; Canadian, argal, English. Long ago, he was entered at Merton; and got horribly homesick, and broke away. And he has been, ever since, as then, shy, abstracted, silent, outwardly. But he has fire and activity; they are in the "Vagabondia" lyrics, and they are in him, too. All our young guild of letters, over here, look up to him and to his cousin, C. G. D. Roberts, as to the best voices and spirits we have.

To other contemporaries she makes occasional passing reference: "Your 'Edgar Saltus' and 'George Moore'—'than whom', as the journalists say, I find none more intolerable and unreadable." Watts-Dunton she hits off in a clever flash: "Isn't the great Theodore Watts-Dunton a funny little Buddha?" Again, how true is this: "[Cardinal] Manning was a born statesman, just as Mr. Gladstone is a born archdeacon." And in regard to "the moderns" generally she sums up:

> As for Barrie, I was but feebly inclined towards his work. I must renounce him, on the score of the sufficiently admired Margaret Ogilby. The rest of the "great" moderns I wot not of. In fact, there are spacious apartments to let, in my minster, and tiers of unoccupied shrines, since Stevenson went, on shall I say—since he grew famous. I am grateful that I managed to be fairly born before Hawthorne and Thackeray died, and that I have had Tennyson, Emerson, Arnold and Newman for contemporaries.

But her heart, as will have been already clear, was neither in her own century nor her country. "One day when I am free," she writes, "I am going to emigrate to some hamlet which smells strong of the Middle Ages, and put cottonwool in my ears, and swing out clear from this very smart century"; and, at last, having swung clear of the Auburndale post-office, where she was postmistress for four years, she finally had her will, and, as Miss Repplier said, sped like a homing pigeon to England, and Oxford, where in research work at the Bodleian she found the employ dear to her seventeenth-century soul. Yet she was by no means all bookish. She loved sailing off the Maine coast and could herself handle a tiller in a stiff breeze. She loved dogs and mourns the loss in one of her letters of a beautiful young St. Bernard characteristically named "Graham of Claverhouse."

In short, these letters reveal her as a very rare and attractive human being. One exasperating epistolary vice, however, she constantly indulged over which her correspondents must surely have winced; a "cunning," schoolgirlish habit of attempting humor by eccentric baby-talk, misspelling as, for examples: "Fears is out, and apples is in"; "in the teeth of Public Jooty"; "wich is ionions"; "I am writing precipitately, to ask a NORFUL big boon of you"; "a Noo Pote I fell on of late"; "this is ORFUL"; "Lisette Woodworth Reese, whom I have always 'ighly hadmired"; "married, converted on sumfink"; "the Orful Manners of Postmissuses"; "nice of that post-man, wasn't it, to send me his bookie?" She even writes to Mr. (now Sir) Edmund Gosse: "With the Cowley is a bookie for Mrs. Gosse." One blushes for such a display of spinster skittishness in a letter to the highly ceremonious Librarian of the House of Lords. And what would her King think, with that saturnine expression on his dark countenance?



"The Steps."

From "The Etchings and Dry Points of Childe Hassam, N. A." (Scribner's)

Exterior Decorating for the Suburban Home

THE DESIGN OF SMALL PROPERTIES. A book for the homeowner in city and country. By H. E. Bottomley. Illustrated with designs. 223 pp. The Rural Science Series, L. H. Bailey, editor. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.

"As a nation," says Mr. Bottomley, "we need the quieting, stabilizing type of pleasure which we may find in our own home grounds." And he suggests that a goodly part of the time now spent by so many people in burning up "gasoline soothing syrup" would bring much better and more important results in improving backyards and making of them places of beauty and restfulness of which their owners could well be proud. He is a landscape architect and he has written this book in order to interest, encourage and direct the owners of small properties, suburban, village or city, or of farms in the desire and effort to make beautiful and artistic the immediate surroundings of the house. The small property, he insists, benefits quite as much by proper planning as does the large estate, and yet it is a branch of landscape architecture that has been much neglected. He first sets forth the general principles that should govern the design as to locations of house, garage and service, the foundations and the gardens, the arrangement of the backyard, the accessories and the environment. Then he considers these principles with special reference to their application, first, upon city and village properties and then upon the country, or farm, home. There is a chapter on garden accessories and another on planting and maintenance of trees and shrubs in connection with design. Advice concerning the use of woody plants and flowers prefaces classified lists of both, with information as to characteristics. The plans have all been prepared to meet the living conditions of families of limited means who want freedom, privacy, play space for children, in surroundings of simplicity, beauty and artistic quality. They are all simple designs of moderate cost, susceptible of change to meet different needs. The author describes them in an interesting style, with analysis and explanation of why one design is good and another is not, of the objects to be aimed at and the effects to be secured.

Godwin Was the Parlor-Radical of Napoleonic England

Mr. Brown's Biography of Shelley's Father-in-Law Does Justice to a Very Human Philosopher

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM GODWIN. By Ford K. Brown. 367 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

By JOHN CARTER

PERHAPS the reading palate has been too assiduously tickled with the spice of literary biography for a sober life of William Godwin to appeal to very many people. We have become used to the high colors, the chiaroscuro, the foreshortening, the sense of the incongruous and absurd; and the muse of history has temporarily abandoned the scales of justice for the hip flask, the sedate progress of recorded fact for the Charleston of vivid presentation. Maurois presents us a Shelley in terms of "Ariel." E. Barrington reveals Lord Byron as "Glorious Apollo." Historical personages are packed into brightly tinted decades like sardines in a box, and with as little to distinguish one from another as those little fishes that—according to the wondering old German—have "learned to swim so systematic." Helen of Troy dances across the field of vision in a veil of modern femininity, and Cleopatra is planted on beds—not of roses—but Procrustes, and is stretched or lopped to suit the purpose of a dozen dramatic biographers.

But perhaps this business of making history interesting to democracy is approaching its end, and the historian is concerned less with being different and more with being just. If so, Ford K. Brown's "Life of William Godwin" will receive the hearty welcome accorded to beer and bread and cheese after the appetite is weary of champagne and truffles. For he has written a sober, scholarly, thorough and just account of the life of a man who, by all the canons of modern biography, is fair game for the new method of stuffing your subject with contemporary straw and then knocking it about to suit yourself. William Godwin is, in fact, an almost irresistible temptation to dogmatism and the expression of opinion. He is a man who can be made to appear ridiculous, contemptible or tragic with but the gentlest turn of the screw. Mr. Brown has, with admirable self-restraint, forborne to torture the victim before the altar of modern criticism. He has been content to paint the man as he lives in the records of his contemporaries, and to permit the reader to find for himself what moods of anger and pity the spectacle evokes. And though this refusal to cast stones at a man who was attacked, alive and dead, will offend that public which likes to hunt with the mob, it is a method which will appeal to those who like not to bury a man beneath a heap of jagged adjectives.

In many ways, indeed, Godwin is so contemporary a character that it is astounding that he has not already been pilloried. Coming to the height of his powers with the advent of the French Revolution, he was hailed by the rebels of his generation as a philosopher and prophet, took their adulation with unbecoming seriousness, attempted to apply his philosophy to life and came a series of appalling and tragic "croppers," before his "parlor Bolshevism"—or "Jacobinism," as it was then—was beaten out of him by the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The mob loves to see philosophical folly recoil upon itself, adores maliciously what is known as poetic justice, delights to see the man who denounced marriage hoist with his own petard and to catch the man of Communist views behaving meanly about money.

It can see all these things in Godwin. But what Mr. Brown also tries to make it see is how Godwin was also a great leader and light to the man of his day. Contemptible though he was in his relations with Shelley, Godwin yet could inspire loyalty and enthusiasm in such diverse genius as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb and Lord Byron. His novels, though tedious to the modern eye, exerted a powerful influence on the development of English literature.

Mary Wollstonecraft.

From the Portrait by John Opie in the National Portrait Gallery.

Born on March 3, 1756, the seventh of thirteen children produced by John and Anna Godwin, both drearily pious Nonconformists, William Godwin was early marked by an environment in which independent thought, "the dissidence of dissent," was a virtue. He was an infant prodigy who never played games, who preached sermons in his mother's kitchen, wondered what he would do when he had read all the books in the world, and was dubbed a "little Solomon" at the age of 12. After an education which led toward the ministry, he drifted to London and set up as a political pamphleteer.

The turn of events which came with the French Revolution found him, still devoted to the ideal of independent inquiry, ready to re-examine the foundation of all things. While Tom Paine's "The Rights of Man" and Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Men" rushed to answer Edmund Burke's stand-pat "Reflections" on the French Revolution, Godwin worked steadily ahead on his magnum opus, the "An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Political Justice, and Its Influence on General Virtue and Happiness," which appeared in 1793. This really penetrating book was a piece of rational philosophy in which he allowed himself to be carried to extreme conclusions (later modified), such as that private property should be abolished and that "marriage, as now understood, is a monopoly and the worst of all monopolies." He awoke to find himself famous, and never recovered his poise. From an earnest and diligent seeker after truth he became an opinionated and dogmatic "authority," the white hope of the English radicals.

His novel "Caleb Williams" was ranked with "Tom Jones" and "Gil Blas," and with his later romances influenced the evolution of "the Byronic hero," Disraeli's political novels, and started a current which can be traced in the work of Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Dickens, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James.

As is usual in the case of sudden distinction, Godwin found himself the centre of an adulation by the fair sex which frankly puzzles his biographer, who observes that

> In 1796 he was a celibate student of 40, reserved and awkward in society, his daily life out of society as uneventful as it could be. Except for the "noble eyes," later noted by one who was by no means an admirer, and the great, massive head "that would have befitted a giant," his appearance was in no way unordinary. He was usually dressed with clerical sobriety. His body was thick and of normal length, his legs were thick and excessively short. His voice was weak and thin, he was notorious as a poor and tiresome talker, he had almost no sense of humor, was not quick of perception. * * * He was inordinately vain, affected by the least subtle flattery, inclined to be a little patronizing and oracular, was often disputatious and pedantic, and was frequently prompted by his system to be rude and overbearing.

Yet, in September of this same year, after disentangling himself from various gallant complications, he and Mary Wollstonecraft, the most attractive woman genius of the period, whom he had once described as a "piquante mixture between a lady and a milkmaid," began to live together, secretly, as man and wife. In the Spring of 1797 this philosopher, who had condemned the monopoly of marriage, married Mary Wollstonecraft because she was expecting a child. Mrs. Godwin died after giving birth to the daughter who was later to elope with Shelley, and her last words, uttered of her husband, were, "He is the kindest, best man in the world."

He was, if anything, too kind. Not content with Mary's first daughter, Fanny Imlay, and Mary Godwin, he immediately set about to pay court to other ladies, but they eluded him. Finally, the philosopher, one May morning in 1801, heard a voice from a balcony exclaim: "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" It was only too possible, and six months later William Godwin made his fatal mistake in marrying Mary Jane Clairmont, a widow with two children, who soon made him head of a family of six. When one considers that he also supported some of his worthless brothers and sisters one feels able to forgive much that follows.

For the anti-Godwin propaganda, headed by such pietistic writers as Mrs. Hannah More, and reinforced by downright indecent diatribes from scurrilous pamphleteers who attacked his memoir on his first wife, Godwin's stock-in-trade became without value. "Within a few years he was producing, under assumed names, harmless books for children." With Mrs. Godwin's help he set up in publishing for himself, concentrating on text-books, and with unparalleled ineptitude turned a potential gold mine into a bog of debt. Francis Place tried repeatedly to help him, but Godwin shuffled and evaded, borrowed, concealed assets, understated liabilities, refused to pay rent.

And then along came Shelley, bursting with admiration for the "immortal Godwin," equipped with a wife, a feud with his father and the prospect of inheriting a large estate. Godwin thriftily encouraged Shelley to become reconciled with Sir Timothy Shelley, in order that the parental purse might benefit the philosopher's pocket and one is forced to conclude that much of his wrath when Shelley and Mary Godwin eloped was due to financial dismay. The sordid correspondence between the two is well known; how Godwin refused to see or speak to either or to forgive, but asked again and again for money from his morganatic son-in-law. No harsher thing can ever be said of Godwin than what he wrote himself:

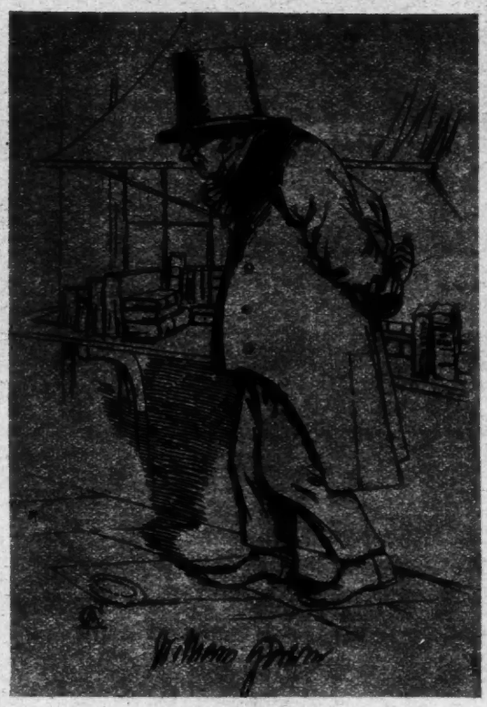
> I return your cheque [he wrote the poet] because no consideration can induce me to utter a cheque drawn by you and containing my name. To what purpose make a disclosure of this kind to your banker? I hope you will send a duplicate of it by the post which will reach me on Saturday morning. You may make it payable to Joseph Home or James Martin, or any other name in the whole directory. I should prefer its being payable to Mr. Hume.

Nor can irony extract any more exquisite pang than this, which followed the suicide of Fanny Imlay and of Harriet Shelley, when, within a month of the latter's tragic death in the Serpentine, Mary Godwin and Shelley were able to marry. He wrote his brother:

> The piece of news I have to tell, however, is that I went to church with this tall girl (Mary) some little time ago to be married. Her husband is the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, of Field Place, in the County of Sussex, Baronet. So that, according to the vulgar ideas of the world, she is well married, and I have great hopes the young man will make her a good husband * * * For my part I care but little, comparatively, about wealth, so that it should be her destiny in life to be respectable, virtuous and contented.

Considering that the marriage took place over two years after Mary and Shelley had been living as man and wife and had already produced two children, and in view of the fact that Godwin's future exactions, almost amounting to blackmail, were to drive the Shelleys out of England and embitter the poet's married life, this is better than any adjectives the literary biographer could adduce.

There remains but an epilogue. Shelley died in 1822 and the following year Godwin became a bankrupt, being saved from dire poverty by Charles Lamb and other loyal friends. After ten years of shifts and evasions in 1833 Lord Grey gave Godwin a sinecure as Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer, which carried a small place in New Palace Yard and £200 a year. "He had lived to become the beneficiary of a Government and of a system that he had once condemned," writes Mr. Brown, adding, with fine discrimination, "but his very pension had been to some extent caused by the dissemination of political knowledge that he had urged forty years before." He died on April 7, 1836, the tragic victim of ideas which were beyond his time and events which were greater than any man then living.



William Godwin.

From the Sketch by Daniel Maclise in "The Maclise Portrait Gallery."

He had been reared in an age when it was the fashion to exalt reason and believe in human perfectibility. Two centuries of nonconformity, or Protestantism, religious, ethical and political, had flowered and were ready to transform all social foundations by independent inquiry, when the foundations themselves were suddenly shaken by the earthquake in France.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!

sang Wordsworth. Godwin was both. He set out to live the rational life at a time when the very preservation of his country called for goose-stepping conformity. The consequence so dramatically worked out in his own life and in the lives of his daughter had a moral. The rebels became weary of their solitude, first of Godwin, then his daughter, finally the world. Like Byron, the rebels of 1790 sought eternal peace. Mr. Ford wisely concludes his volume with Mary Godwin discussing the future of her child and Shelley's.

> "Send him somewhere where they will teach him to think for himself," advised a friend when a proper school was being chosen for him. "Teach him to think for himself?" Mrs. Shelley exclaimed; "Oh, my God, teach him to think like other people!"

So the child of revolt, in whose veins flowed the blood of Mary Wollstonecraft, the feminist, of Godwin, the egalitarian philosopher, and of Shelley, the "Ariel" of English poetry, "was sent to Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and became a patron of letters and the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson." Such was the sunset of Wordsworth's blissful dawn and of "the immortal Godwin's" theories of reason and equality; such was the drab finish of Shelley's fire and Mary Wollstonecraft's feminism; a man who was deliberately cast in the English mold, taught to think like others, and be happy rather than to inquire into the nature of things.

Hitting Some of America's High Spots

Three Books Which Vaunt the Beauties of the Rockies And of Glacier National Park

Lake McDermott and Gould Mountain Before Sunrise, Glacier National Park.

HIGH COUNTRY. The Rockies Yesterday and Today. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Illustrated. 294 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.

SIGNPOSTS OF ADVENTURE. Glacier National Park as the Indians Know It. By James Willard Schultz (Apikuni). Illustrated. 224 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

ENCHANTED TRAILS OF GLACIER PARK. By Agnes C. Laut. Illustrated. 251 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $3.

By FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE glamourous light that has ever shone over our Western mountains lends its allure to all these books. Both white men and red have known and yielded to the fascination of the Rockies ever since the one and the other first saw their peaks, and white woman and white man and Indian have tried here to capture something of what it has meant to them, and still means, so that those afar may understand. For although Mr. Schultz is not Indian by birth, he spent so large a part of his life, especially in his younger days, among the Indians and became so completely one of them that he can write about them and their life, as his many books testify, with full understanding and perhaps with the clearest and truest interpretation the red man has ever had. In this book he completely merges his individuality with the Indians, writing as one of them, and so these two volumes become, distinctively, portrayals of the high Rockies from the two viewpoints, the white man's and the red man's, and thus gain in value and interest by comparison. Miss Laut's volume sees so understandingly and so sympathetically what the region meant to the Indian and portrays so vividly the impress he has left upon it that, while her viewpoint is that of the white man and the modern tourist, the reader is made to feel something of the emotion of both races.

For such an appreciation of high mountain country Mr. Cooper is more typical of the white man in general than are most of those who usually write about it, for his previous life has been one of wide and varied sophistication. Before he discovered that he had a knack for writing, a knack of which he has given ample proof in half a dozen books, he had wrestled with life and won success out of it in a kaleidoscopic series of ways, from newsboy to circus manager. Somewhere in the series he discovered in himself a deep and abiding love for the high mountains, and now he makes his home in a town in the heart of the Rockies, whence he goes forth to adventure upon the still higher peaks, the "high country" of which he writes here. The book consists of a dozen chapters, all of them concerned with one or another phase of mountain or frontier life, and all of them much interested in the human beings to be found there and the influence upon them of their environment. The title of the book is taken from that of the initial paper and Mr. Cooper thus explains what he means by it:

> And there where the ragged streaks of the Rockies scrape against the sky, where the snow lingers all Summer long and where the flowers flourish with almost tropical luxuriance to the very line where the elements will no longer permit life—there is the High Country * * * where man may exist, with fuel and shelter, while perhaps only a hundred feet above him runs the creeping line of juniper and scraggly willows, merging into the sparkling granite and dusty snow where nothing may survive for more than a temporary visitation. It is that stretch of country for a thousand feet below timber line, where wooded life in all its forms makes its last stand, which constitutes the High Country of the Rocky Mountains—and it is in this thousand feet that some of the queerest stories of the hills have been written, in loneliness, in despair, in strange adventure and in woodcraft. It is America's final frontier.

It is a frontier, Mr. Cooper declares, that has never been conquered, that he seems to think never will be conquered. He tells many a tale of men, prospectors and others, who have tried to conquer it, to defy its eerie powers, and of what happened to them. Mostly those eerie powers exert a witchcraft all their own and conquer them. He tells about the effect the solitude, the loneliness, the vastness of the High Country have upon the man who tries to stay there for more than a brief visit, and how it "gets the drop" on its victim and the fear that it will "beat him" begins to fasten itself in his mind. When that happens, he says, "the mountains usually come forth the victor." And in that very fact, he adds, lies a great part of their fascination.

There are chapters about mountain animals and fishing and deserted towns and camping trips and old prospectors and the gunmen of former days and other subjects, and they are all written in picturesque and entertaining style, and are well filled with dramatically told anecdotes that illustrate and make impressive the points that are brought out. It is a vivid book, and any one for whom the Western mountains have an interest will find its pages pages very fascinating.

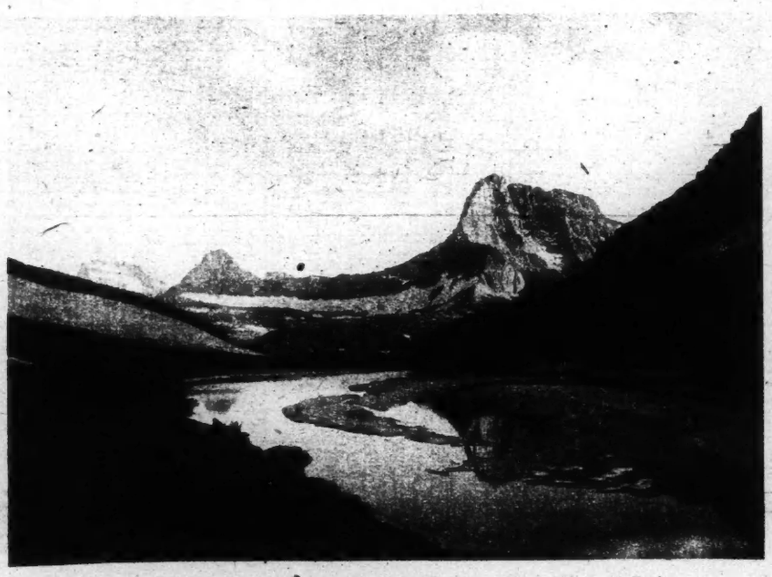
Mr. Schultz's book had its origin in talks around the lodge fire of an Indian encampment on the eastern boundary of Glacier National Park some ten years or more ago. One of the chiefs, Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, spoke bitterly about the way the whites had wiped out the Indian names of the mountains, lakes and rivers of the park, and had given them new, white men's names. He called it "the most recent wrong the whites have put upon us," and declared that these new names should be taken off and the old Indian names restored to the maps. The others all agreed with him, and they chorused their approval that Apikuni—Mr. Schultz's Indian name—was the one to undertake the work.

Much research among the Indians was entailed, in order to make authoritative the restoration of names that had been almost forgotten and the legends that lay behind them. The Pikuni, a tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy into which Mr. Schultz was adopted as a lad, undertook the restoring of the names on the east side of the park, and they asked the Kutenai to do the same work for the west side, as that had been their home country. Nearly the whole of the book is concerned with these east side names, 161 of them, beginning with the southern boundary and going north to the Canadian line. The west side names, to the number of 153, were furnished by members of the Kutenai tribe and are listed separately, each item having the Indian name, its English translation and the name gives by the whites, by which it is generally known. For these west side names Mr. Schultz was not able to find any explanations or traditions of romantic interest, and says that they were simply names of men of the tribe who in the long ago were successful hunters or "magicians."

The list of east side names, however, is rich with story and legend of ancient derring-do. Filling almost 200 pages, it resurrects and preserves many a tradition and tale of Indian life and personality that would otherwise soon have faded from Indian memory and white man's knowledge. There is history, too, of tribal and individual strategy, purposes, movements and of their relations with the whites. The dramatic and colorful tale of how Kenneth Mackenzie of the American Fur Company, at Fort Union, in 1830 established good relations with tribes of the Blackfeet Confederacy is told, and so is that of James Kipp, a famous trader of the region, who married an Indian woman and was adopted by her tribe. The list is full of Indian romances and mixed red and white romances, of which none is more engaging than the tale of Natowap Twis-Tseksin Ahki, Sacred Snake Woman, between whom and Alexander Culbertson, for many years head of the American Fur Company in that region, there was love at first sight. But the father of the girl, a very wealthy and proud chief, set the test of a year of waiting, and there was neither marriage nor meeting for the couple until the year was over. Then Chief Two Suns and all his tribe, a caravan 4,000 strong, escorted the bride, who, beautifully gowned in white embroidered buckskin, rode on a coal-black horse, followed by fourteen white horses loaded with her belongings, to the fort, where the bridal party was welcomed by booming cannon, fluttering flags, with Culbertson and all his assistants in their best attire standing at the open gate. Mr. Schultz tells us that the union was a happy one and lasted until Sacred Snake Woman's death thirty years later.

Miss Laut's volume is one of those books that can be used as a guide by the traveler and can also be read by the stay-at-home with interest and keen enjoyment. It is the product of several of the regular motor trips in Glacier Park supplemented by some foot traveling and peak climbing and so covers about the same field that the tourist journeys over, whether he goes in on the east side or the west and whether he penetrates only a little way or is more adventurous. The tourist will find in it a great abundance of matter that no ordinary guide book would give him, for Miss Laut knows her Northwest as a suburban dweller knows his back yard. Mountains, lakes, valleys, trails—not one of them whose human story is not familiar to her. Her pages overflow with Indian lore and legend and stories of intertribal wars, battles, conspiracies and struggles, all of it told with imagination and dramatic effect.

From the eastern entrance Miss Laut took the journey to Two Medicine or White Magic Lakes, then the trip to Going-to-the-Sun Mountain and St. Mary Lakes. One section tells of the journey to and along "the roof of America" and the trail that she declared to be "the oldest and the longest trail in human history." This chapter acquires sharper interest from her elucidation of why the trail deserves that title. Turning to the west side of the park, the author calls it "an enchanted world" and "a world so utterly different it might be in another sphere." Here she tells something of the recently completed highway from the east to the west side and in more detail what you can do if you go in at the west side entrance. One section is devoted to a trip through the national forests on the west of the park. The final chapter, on "The Old Oregon Trail," outlines the story of that famous pathway, with its thronging human interests and its never-flagging drama and takes the reader on a journey from the Pacific Coast to Spokane.



Ptarmigan Lake and Wilber and Gould Mountains, Glacier National Park.

Gilbert Stuart's Portraits Are a Page of History

In Four Fine Volumes His Work Is Assembled

By Lawrence Park

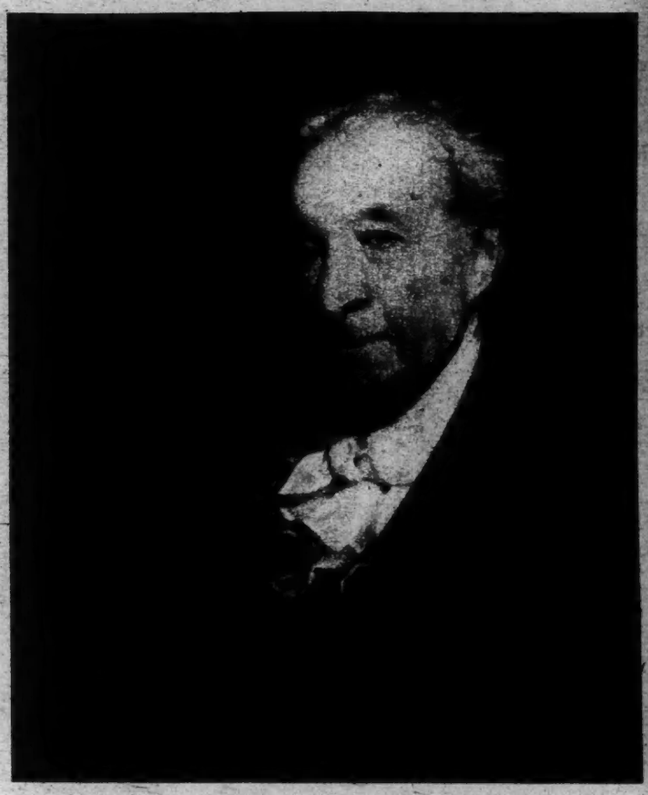
***GILBERT STUART.** An illustrated descriptive list of his works compiled by Lawrence Park. With an account of his life by John Hill Morgan and an appreciation by Royal Cortissoz. Four volumes folio. New York: William Edwin Rudge. $100.*

By H. I. BROCK

IT is a curious and ironic circumstance that the familiar image of George Washington — the image which for all good Americans is the real Father of His Country—is one that we owe to a Scots-American Tory who abandoned the country in which he was born one year before the Declaration of Independence (so that he cannot with any show of justice be accused of treason) and only returned to it in 1793, when the war had been over for ten years. Then, it seems, Gilbert Stuart, who, in spite of the imputation of spendthrift propensities, was not without the shrewdness of his race, had very clearly in mind a practical motive. He had concluded that residence in his native land would enable him to make a handsome living out of Washington portraits. There is, indeed, an admission to that effect in one of his not too frequent letters. As vindication of his argument 111 Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington are listed in this monumental work, assembling in four handsome folio volumes an exhibition, as nearly as possible complete, of the paintings of a truly remarkable man.

An immigrant snuff-grinder's son, who was born in North Kingstown, Rhode Island, in 1755, Stuart attempted pictures when he was a mere lad. But before he began to paint life portraits of Washington he had spent eighteen years perfecting his art in the midst of the group of eighteenth century British masters, of whom Sir Joshua Reynolds is in a literary sense the chief. When he left England for America he was as good a painter of portraits as any but the best of that group. Indeed, he was the peer of the very best, according to competent critics, in the essential of portraiture which is getting upon the canvas the living head of the sitter. It was the eighteenth century art of theatrical background and elegantly dramatic pose which Stuart did not master. Of that the full-length portraits of Washington—the one in black with the stiff oratorical gesture and the one in uniform beside the crupper of his horse—are convincing evidence.

As it happened—indeed it so happened to practically all American artists of that period—Stuart within two years of his arrival in England went to study with Benjamin West. And for five years he worked with West as assistant. It was precisely in the heads, in the portraits proper, in West's elaborate compositions that his assistance was presently most in demand. For it was there that the pupil soon surpassed the master. Thus it was in the workshop of the American-born first President of the Royal Academy that the creator of the traditional image of Washington developed the specialty which equipped him so satisfactorily for the task which eventually constitutes his chief claim to immortality—the creation of a vast Hall of Fame of the first generation of the American Republic.



Gilbert Stuart in 1825, at the Age of 70.

From the Portrait by John Neagle, Owned by the Boston Athenæum.

Gilbert Stuart.

A Self-Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

That Hall of Fame is magnificently illustrated and exhaustively catalogued in these volumes, representing the life work of an enthusiast who did not quite live long enough to see the completion of his labors or look upon the concrete result in type and pictorial reproductions. Lawrence Park had, however, conceived the work precisely as a Hall of Fame. His catalogue raisonné is not merely a series of notes on the portraits, but a biographical dictionary of Stuart sitters. Though he died in 1924, those who finished so well what he had begun carried out loyally his plan.

The Gilbert Stuart Hall of Fame includes the first six Presidents of the United States in manifold form, for there are several portraits each of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe and J. Q. Adams. It includes a great many of the notables of the Revolution in military and civil life. It includes practically all the naval and military heroes of the War of 1812. It includes Boston and Philadelphia and New York legal lights and commercial magnates. For instance, there are two portraits of the first John Jacob Astor, one of which the German piano-maker, turned American fur trader, rejected because it was an oval.

It includes also eminent and picturesque diplomatic representatives from abroad at President Washington's "court"—like the handsome Marquis D'Yrugo from Spain—and it does not omit the wives and daughters of all these personages. For example, place is found for Aaron Burr and his daughter, Theodosia—as a very sweet, very young thing—as well as for Napoleon's brother, the precipitate Jerome Bonaparte, who insisted on founding an American family instead of a European dynasty.

Along with Jerome, of course, goes Mme. Bonaparte—that Elizabeth Patterson who was the woman of the international complication and the story of whose wedding garments serves to fix in history the last period when feminine apparel was as scant as it is now. It may have been a bit scantier. Because a contemporary woman has left the record that the whole outfit of two garments could have been drawn through the bride's wedding ring. Perhaps, however, Mme. Bonaparte went beyond the current fashion. Another record says that she wore a similarly economical costume as she drove through the streets of Washington in her open carriage and it was a public scandal.

Americans as far apart as Edward Everett and General Horatio Gates were painted by Stuart. He not only did his hundred and odd portraits of Washington himself and the familiar portrait of Lady Washington; he also painted Lady Washington's grandson, the youth who was formally adopted by the General. This young man, it may not be amiss to recall, was named George Washington Parke Custis. His mother was Eleanor Calvert of the family of the Barons Baltimore, Lords Proprietary of the Province of Maryland. It was he who built Arlington, on the Potomac, where sleep the dead heroes of our wars since 1860—including The Unknown Soldier. It was he who married Mary Fitzhugh Lee, and it was his daughter, Mary Anne Randolph Custis, who became the wife of Robert Edward Lee and brought Arlington to him as a dower. That is how this house of Washington's adopted son becomes the centre of a national cemetery. For that matter, Stuart painted General Henry Lee, known as Light Horse Harry, who was General R. E. Lee's father. He painted likewise members of that Dawes family which is now so picturesquely represented in public life by the Vice President of the United States.

Another one of the portraits, recently rediscovered at The Players Club in Gramercy Park, New York, is that of the actor, Thomas Apthorpe Cooper. This is notable—according to the critics—as an exceptionally fine example of Stuart portraiture at its best and soundest. But it is also notable because of its extension of the range of the Hall of Fame. Cooper was an actor of some distinction, a former fellow-player of the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons in London, who first appeared in New York and Baltimore in the last decade of the eighteenth century. He subsequently became military storekeeper of the Frankfort Arsenal in Pennsylvania and did not die till 1841. But the portrait gains interest from the fact that Cooper's daughter, Priscilla, married a son of President Tyler, Robert Tyler of Williamsburg, Va. Priscilla Tyler inherited the portrait, and it was her sister, Louise Fairlie Cooper, who presented it to The Players. It now hangs conspicuously in the main hall of their clubhouse, having been rescued by an active house committee from a long period of dingy retirement in an obscure corner of the library.

We have spoken so far of Stuart's American Hall of Fame. It is not to be forgotten, however, that for the first two decades of his active professional life he was an English painter among other English painters in London. He was as much in demand as some of the most popular of his contemporaries. He painted Sir Joshua himself—a portrait very highly praised by Royal Cortissoz in his contribution to Mr. Park's work. He painted the Bostonian, John Singleton Copley, who was also contemporarily painting in London. He painted both George III and George IV—in one case doing the job for West. He painted many celebrated personages of the period in England, including peers of the realm. He spent five years or so in Dublin painting Irish notables.

He became a considerable social figure in the British Isles in spite of his limited education in a charity school in his native Rhode Island and his quite humble origin as the son of a millwright brought over from Perth in Scotland by another Scot interested in establishing the manufacture of snuff in the vicinity of Newport. For it seems to be established that Gilbert Stuart—or Stewart—the younger was born in the house which his father built at Pattaquamscott as a dwelling and snuff mill—a house pictured in the first volume of those before us. The snuff business proving a failure, the father was ready, about the time relations began to be strained between the Colonists and the mother country, to move on to Nova Scotia. At all events that is what he did. Soon afterward the son, who was left behind in Boston, also left the country and managed to get to London.

In the early seventeen seventies the boy had studied at Newport under Cosmo Alexander, another Scot with considerable artistic background in England and Italy. He had gone with Alexander on a tour of the South as far as Charleston, whence the pair took ship to Scotland. It is supposed that it was on this Southern tour that Alexander painted portraits of Mrs. William Byrd of Virginia and other Southern Colonial women. Fortunately or unfortunately, Alexander died soon after he and his pupil arrived in Edinburgh, and young Stuart was back in America by 1774. With politics at fever heat the portrait business was naturally not at its best. The next move back to England was natural enough in one who, in spite of his birth in America, had no roots here.

Such at least is the conclusion of the man who has undertaken to be the authoritative Stuart biographer for this very definitive work. This biographer, John Hill Morgan, has carefully consulted the available sources and compared the previous printed accounts of Stuart's life—especially that contained in William Dunlap's "The Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States" (1834) and that set forth in three articles written for Scribner's Monthly (1876-7) by the painter's daughter, Jane. According to Mr. Morgan, Miss Stuart's account of her father is highly romanticised and imaginative. Particularly he finds it necessary to reject the claim made by her that Gilbert Stuart the elder fled to Rhode Island to escape persecution because of his service under Prince Charles Edward, the young Pretender—a pretty tale which would link the family of the Perth snuff-grinder with that of the luckless Royal Stuarts of Scotland.

As has been said, the painter wrote few letters, but the letter which he wrote to Benjamin West in 1778, asking for assistance — the letter which apparently got him his start in West's studio—has been preserved.

It is distressingly illiterate. The present biographer, therefore, urges that Stuart's education in painting was only a part of the education which London gave him. From the time he entered West's employment he met the best people in England. He profited prodigiously by these contacts. So much so that in 1829 (the year after his death, aged 73) he could be described as follows:

In his person, Stuart was rather large and his movements in the latter part of his life were slow and heavy, but not ungraceful.

(Continued on Page 17)

Fannie Hurst Writes of Squalor and Luxury

Her Latest Novel Is Not Distinguished for Its Element of Reality

Fannie Hurst.

MANNEQUIN. By Fannie Hurst. 297 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

MISS FANNIE HURST'S plots are generally better than their working out. This is only another way to say that her imagination (an exuberant one) is apt to set her technique tasks to which it is not quite equal. In "Appassionata" the conception of a beautiful girl, weaned from all idea of marriage or relish for the world, partly by a love of her own intact loveliness, partly by the domestic wreckage she sees about her, somehow stuck in the memory after the book had, not without effort, been finished, and exonerated it from abundant faults of taste and eccentricities of style. In "Mannequin," the novel that follows it at a distance of less than a year, there is even more discrepancy between promise and performance, and extenuations are harder to find. The theme, which is that of a child stolen from a gentle home in infancy and reared in squalor and danger, is promising. Miss Hurst has chosen so to handle it that not one single element of reality, not to say realism, adheres. Amid all the paraphernalia of ashcans, littered fire-escapes, alley cats, clotheslines and pushcarts that are a mere trick of visual memory, the career of exquisite little Orchid Sargasso, born Joan Herrick, pursues its way back to "priceless patina," "old red brocatelles," "Pomperian bathrooms"—back in fact to the heaven of the interior decorator that Miss Hurst makes her own, with an evenness for which there is no warrant in observed fact.

When we meet Orchid first she is Joan Herrick, the adored baby girl and supreme bibelot in an aspiring apartment on the "wrong side" of Central Park that would make Ibsen's Doll House austere and emancipated by comparison. Her father is a sober and clever young lawyer, whose social possibilities are being discounted in advance by a climbing and managing wife. There are times when we glimpse social satire in Miss Hurst's meticulous cataloging of all Selene's subtle "differences" from her neighbors, her magpie hunt through second-hand shops and auction rooms for little "bits" of brass and glass or scraps of tapestry, her endless juggling with the slender household budget to gratify her esthetic whims. But mostly the satire disappears under an actual relish.

Selene is contemplating her first ambitious dinner party:

> A formal, seven-thirty, floral-centrepiece, creamed-oysters-in-cases dinner party. Extra-dry in amber goblets, squab chicken in my darling little Brittany-ware casseroles, and a Nesselrole pudding under pink whipped cream that looks like Sherry's. * * *
>
> The trifles were what drove one to frenzy. * * * To remember to telegraph mother to send down her half-dozen silver grapefruit spoons by Brother Ed. * * * To see that Annie remembered the white napkin to be wound around the champagne bottle with just enough of the magic name of Roget on the bottle showing. * * * Yellow candles for the two majolica candlesticks sent * * * on approval from an exclusive importer's shop, and with heartache to be returned the next morning.

Poor Selene's brave attempts to impress meets with a punishment even more condign than the exasperated reader would suggest. Among her investments is a girl found sitting on a bench in the Park, in whom, when tricked out in nursemaid black with "white organdie bows which by a little trick of rolling the edges Selene knew how to make stand upright," possibilities for more social display at slight cost suggest themselves. But Annie Pogany turns out a sullen and dangerous moron. During a quarrel between husband and wife she steals the child, for whom she has developed an unwholesome affection, and carries her off to a secure hiding place among the east side tenements.

It is not easy to find words with which to do justice to Orchid's tenement life. To borrow a phrase from clever Christopher Morley, her immunity from environment is a thing to "wamble" at. No shadow of the speech or manners which are all her conscious life has known falls across her developing exquisiteness. By some miracle of heredity of which Miss Hurst keeps the secret, even her personal habits retain the impress of Central Park (even Central Park West).

> Orchid could never bear to let her flesh come into contact with the dirtiness. * * * The flesh of her young body, in a world of sour unfastidious bodies, she kept firm and cool-feeling by letting the water from a faucet run down over her as if she had been a little marble knoll. * * * With her instincts she avoided the contacts with the dirtiness.

A little later, when Orchid, after a scene with a brute of true "abysmal" type, has been rescued and sent as cash girl to the Titanic Stores, Miss Hurst makes some attempt to account for these puzzling immunities.

> "The texture of her skin might have helped to explain it. The fine grain of her."

It is an ingenious theory, to be recommended to those who are making the complexion of the nation their concern.

Once safely among "fastidious stuffs that her flesh craved" and "sleazy stuffs" that she loves to feel "near the dainty fabric of her own flesh," Orchid's progress toward luxury and exclusiveness becomes a mere matter of yielding to "the intuition that presided over the choice of her adjectives and her blouses." This leads her not only to a position as mannequin at "probably the most exclusive firm of dressmakers on two continents," and a room where she can now afford to bestow the "little touches her fastidiousness craved," by means of the little "bits" and "few yards" and "subdued prints" of poor Selene's old grab-bag, but to a chivalrous young lover, very near the Innesbrook millions, who asks no more than to sit among the bargains and feel "the creeping sweetness of domestic serenity" gradually enfold him.

> Oh, Martin [it is the tenement child speaking], I've an electric stove here behind the screen, and the duckiest aluminium griddle for chops. And lettuce—a whole wet towel of it in my brand new little refrigerator, and the heavenliest strawberries. * * *

Of course there is sterner material to come. A garden party in the more exclusive suburbs, a wild ride home, a drunken admirer to whom even fastidiousness is not sacred, a fatal struggle and a murder trial, over which, as a crowning stroke of invention, the missing father presides. But somehow, all Miss Hurst's intensity, the frenzied and disjointed prayers which seem to have infiltrated from "Appassionata," very much as actresses of limited ability re-echo old successes in new roles, will not persuade us to take it seriously. We remember, with some alleviation to our suspense, that no medium has yet been evolved in fiction that will reconcile "Hints to Housewives" with the stuff of tragedy, and that Miss Hurst is not likely to initiate one.

The younger Mr. Weller, on a memorable occasion, hearing a roast leg of mutton called a "swarry" by the footmen of Bath, surmised what the name would be if it were boiled. One is left wondering just what the judges of Liberty, who have awarded $50,000 to "Mannequin" as "the best novel by an American author" written in 1925, would consider a bad one.

Mysticism and Gloom in a New Nordic Novel

MARTHA AND MARY. By J. Anker Larsen. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

TWO years ago J. Anker Larsen won the Gyldendal prize of $14,000 with his novel, "The Philosopher's Stone." No attentive reader but felt it deserved the prize. It seemed to bring a breath of the great cosmic world of sheer being into the small daily affairs of harassed human life. There was in it something of the power and beauty one finds in the great poets, notably of the best that is in Wordsworth. It was interpenetrated with mysticism, but not even the most trivial of so-called practical people object to that if it is clothed appropriately in substance.

"Martha and Mary," however, could not positively have won the Gyldendal or any other prize, nor is it likely to elicit the praise so generously conferred upon its predecessor. It deserves serious consideration because the author of one fine achievement in letters can never again be treated lightly, and because Mr. Larsen undoubtedly has talent, apparent even in this book.

The author's avowed purpose is to unite religion and science. Many writers have tried that and many more will try. Monday morning's newspapers reveal the same effort in any number of pulpits. Possibly the pulpit is the place for that. But even a novel may be, if the author can manage to let his conviction steal unawares upon his reader. This Mr. Larsen does not succeed in doing. The consequence is that this book, unlike its predecessor, becomes a sermon, at times so heavy with—not first-rate—theology, that the reader, too, becomes heavy and longs for the freshness that characterized the earlier book.

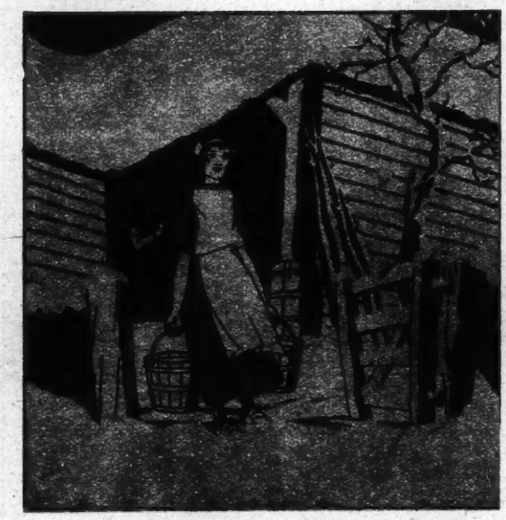
Martha and Mary are two sisters, and as little girls living in poor circumstances upon a Danish farm they present a fresh and charming picture. The characters of their elders and neighbors—these Mr. Larsen in the earlier portion of the book is able to set forth with a sure touch which seems a peculiarity of the present-day Norse writers. But almost before you know it the two sisters turn to personifications—personifications of the contemplative and the practical, and theology creeps in when Mary went out into service and approached her first place, the house of Pastor Nyeland. This is the way she appeared to the good pastor:

> She was pure and candid, as if she had just been created and set down at the parsonage by God himself. She looked like a dream, but was alive and real. Once more, for an instant, there was no difference between reality and poetry.

Allowing for differences of locality and fashion, it remains nevertheless true that he must be a bold writer who would lay on strokes of this order upon one of his heroines. Bold, or else amateurish. Possibly Mr. Larsen is both. Mary in due course, and after the death of the pastor's wife, becomes Mrs. Nyeland. In keeping Mary both a clergyman's wife and the symbol of contemplative religion or life, the author experiences considerable difficulty. The amateurish touch rather than the bold comes again and again to the fore, and if Mary only continued real we should be very sorry for Pastor Nyeland. Mary is shown with some of the gifts of the mystic. Like—was it Julian of Norwich, who delighted in the miracle of a hazel nut?—Mary sees the marvels of the cosmos in a pebble or a broken twig. At times we all experience the same. Be that as it may, however, Mary never quite takes on flesh and blood, and in fiction that is a grave defect.

Martha, also, is a servant. And how clever, capable, prompt and efficient she was! She never could read a book. Mary had actually learned enough Latin from her pastor to use the phrase "cum grano salis" in casual conversation. Not so Martha! What a competent servant girl she was though! She, too, marries—a husband who is handsome, worldly, and later a rich war-profiteer. But when the profits go up in smoke upon the Stock Exchange Martha shows her little savings bank book with its 10,000 crowns put away. And for the matter of that she goes back to work at weeding gardens and flower beds, as in her penurious youth. Her sons, from wasters, become chauffeurs.

One wonders whether these sisters, symbolically separated in childhood, will ever be reunited. But infallibly they are within thirty pages of the end. But except for glimpses of some passable contemporary pictures of European life the way of Mary to Martha is heavy going. The Nordic gloom, of which some people are inordinately proud, pervades much of the book. HENRY JAMES FORMAN.



From the Jacket Design for "Martha and Mary."

Squire Osbaldeston, Pattern of Gentility

But Only in the England of His Day Could Such A Sporting Blackguard Have Run Free

"Thunder and Turf."

From an Etching by Frank Gillett. From "Fine Prints of the Year 1926." (Minton, Balch & Co.)

SQUIRE OSBALDESTON: His Autobiography. Edited, with commentary, by E. D. Cuming. Introduction by Sir Theodore Cook. With 16 illustrations in color, 75 in black and white and a map. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

By P. W. WILSON

IT is to the enterprise of that scholar of the countryside, Sir Theodore, Cook, the editor of The Field in London, that we owe this exquisitely illustrated volume. Here in color and half-tone we see landscape, bathed in soft English daylight and peopled by horses and dogs of perfect breeding, by those who own them, and by nobody else. It is a land where as yet there is no hint of a mine or a railroad. Not a chimney pollutes the horizon with its fumes. Castles and abbeys and churches and cottages are not wanted. It is England as the final and perfected phase of the Norman Conquest—a fertile country organized throughout as a playground for the idle rich—the last glimpse of a hereditary paradise before the serpent of the suffrage slipped in and a reform bill was passed.

No such scenes as these have been painted anywhere at any time except in England. And it is in the foreground of the quiet loveliness that there stands serenely a compact little personage, called Squire Obaldeston, describable as the very multum in parvo of what in his day was known as "the squire of England"—not an individual only, but the example of a type. And we join with Sir Theodore Cook in gratitude to E. D. Cuming for "the accuracy and completeness" with which he has presented his reminiscences, jotted down in his old age by this once famous character. Here is a glimpse of social history, conveniently incarnate.

"A good man on a good horse"—that is how Sir Theodore Cook, in his open-airy fashion, describes Osbaldeston. "And," adds he, "there are few things we like better in the world." Indeed, he declares, "all-round English sportsmanship is filled with the spiritual descendants of a man who seems to have combined in one comparatively small anatomy the characteristics for which we should now have to blend Lord Lonsdale and Lord Desborough with Mr. E. B. Mitchell and still have something over." We do not doubt that the compliment was sincerely intended. In view of all that follows, however, we will not apply the parallel too closely to the gentlemen whose blend would almost if not quite reproduce a twentieth-century Osbaldeston. They might not like it.

That Osbaldeston had his virtues goes without saying. To begin with, "he kept constantly fit." The squire of England "could no doubt have drunk most people under the table nowadays." Indeed, "he held his liquor like a gentleman when it was necessary." But—so we are assured by Sir Theodore—"he never drank too much to spoil his riding or to risk the marvelous sight that never missed a shot." No one of his generation approached the deadliness of his aim with any kind of a gun. In a single day he killed a hundred pheasants with a hundred shots. Another of his records was 97 grouse with 97 shots—one barrel killing two birds. A third achievement was 20 brace of partridges with 40 shots. And with a pistol he could put ten shots on the ace of diamonds at thirty feet. It was no wonder, therefore, that with the duel still a recognised method of discussion, his friends praised him as "a most good-natured man." An affair of honor with Osbaldeston meant pistols for two and coffee for him.

Osbaldeston's "wonderful accuracy at snipe" seems to have been due to "some kind of mental process by which the sportsman allowed for the moment when the shot would leave the barrel rather than for the moment when he pulled the trigger." In other words, an intelligence test would have disclosed the fact that, his nerves being in perfect order, his limbs responded by instinct to his eye. At Eton he "was easily cock of the school in boxing." If there had been in those days a boat race he would have rowed for Oxford against Cambridge. And he was among the founders of cricket; winning, too, the Thousand Guineas. By day he was his own jockey. By night, he played billiards till other men's eyes and pockets were heavy.

Apparently he could dispense with sleep. "For fifty hours at a stretch," we read, he would keep it up, "without going to bed, only stopping to go to the nearest race course and return." It is evident that his brain was undisturbed by this deliberate insomnia, and perhaps for a good reason. He was careful never to subject his intellect to the strain of continuous thought. Osbaldeston's mind was merely an adjunct to his active physique. And a mentality habitually dormant could afford to lose on occasion a little slumber. Indeed, after making a life of it at this pace, Osbaldeston only died when he had passed into his eighties.

The squire thus represents a "breed" in which Sir Theodore Cook profoundly believes. He finds it impossible to suppose "that Englishmen will be ever slow to recognize the call of the blood that rings in such a name as Osbaldeston's." So appreciative is Sir Theodore of what he calls "the healthy recreations of the countryside" that he yearns for "the golden age of British sport," seventy years ago, when "the meets of the local foxhounds were nailed to the church door of a certain village and sometimes announced from the pulpit" by the parson, who ordered his church bells to be "proudly rung to celebrate the second victory in the Grand National." And bellringers who, in this degenerate present, object to this particular application of muscular Christianity "may have absorbed," so he suspects, "the venom of trades unions." It is an interesting theory which, perhaps, deserves a word of analysis.

About the sport of Osbaldeston's day there was doubtless a certain gentility. The sportsman, whether he rowed on the river, played cricket or leaped a fence, was careful to wear a high hat. On the hunting field, as on the battlefield, the red coat, whoever might get killed inside it, was the only coat to be seen. And the men were as carefully groomed as the horses. To all appearances, here was chivalry, courtesy, honor—what is defined as "good form"—an outward surface that has always delighted the eye of a painter who views such a scene as a whole. The unfortunate fact about these reminiscences is, however, that they show us the well-groomed squire in his shirt sleeves. When all is over he takes off the mask and discloses his actual self. And we realize the ugly hinterland of hypocrisy which has stretched behind the cant of "sportsmanship."

Let us take Osbaldeston at his own valuation. Here was a young fellow, not only educated, but castigated, at Eton; also an Oxford man; and heir to a splendid estate, which was amply endowed with a magnificent revenue. In a House of Commons, still elected in no small measure by rotten boroughs, a seat is found for this favorite of fortune. Yet, according to Sir Theodore, this man, who was born two years before the trial of Warren Hastings and lived to see the battles in the Crimea, writes "not a word" of "the most moving incidents"; for instance, the Indian Mutiny and the execution of Marie Antoinette and the American Civil War. "I do not think that any other nation ever could have produced such a man," so we read, a man so "insular"; and we are inclined to agree. Where, however, we are unconvinced by Sir Theodore Cook is in his estimate of the value of such a prodigy of detachment. Was Squire Osbaldeston "the one intangible and irreplaceable asset which has invariably baffled every enemy of England?" We doubt it. And we submit that it has been men like Osbaldeston whose folly has cost England, time and again, the blood of her sons and the accumulations of her treasure. The ignorance of the officer has been redeemed by the lives of the rank and file.

For in Osbaldeston's case we are unable to discover any single act of his or pursuit which was not determined, first, last and all the time, by personal selfishness and a supreme contempt for whatever may have been the interests of the nation. We make one exception. In glowing accents Sir Theodore tells how, on one occasion, the squire jumped from his horse in order to pull a boy out of a ditch where he was nearly drowning. On the hunting field, apparently, this act of common decency is to be regarded as fraught with a conspicuous merit.

That an unwise and, in the strict sense of the word, a dishonest mother nurtured the squire in extravagance is doubtless an extenuating circumstance for a wasted life. But the fact remains that he gambled away £200,000, or a million dollars, which large sum must be reckoned in terms of the high value of money 100 years ago. He estimates that he was swindled of at least another £100,000; and no wonder. He would play whist for £100 a trick and £1,000 a rubber. And if he did not end his days in the debtor's prison, which he richly deserved, it was merely because he was adroit enough, in his mature years, to marry a widow who of an evening allowed him 1 guines as he went to his club, of which guinea he never brought back a penny. Such a man was a ruin to himself, and, so far as in him lay, a ruin to the community also. And he knew it. "Mine," says he, "has been a life of plunder: no man has been so persecuted, robbed and cheated, by stewards and gentlemen who professed to be friends, by trainers, jockeys and betting men, who live by plunder and make it their study." It was, in fact, the company that he kept. For no other company did he care.

In his memoirs Creevey tells us that Osbaldeston had "very good manners," which means that the squire "in society was affable and communicative, perfectly free from the absurdity of affectation, and just what an English country gentleman should be." We should be loath to do an injustice to a writer so delightful as Sir Theodore Cook, but we take it that with this verdict he agrees. Yet what are the facts? For "the beautiful Miss Burton, who afterwards became Lady Sutton," young Osbaldeston would gallantly ride twenty-five miles each way and would so procure the best orchid in the county. But outside the drawing room Osbaldeston's morals, as blandly disclosed by himself, would have disgraced a stable. "No male heir," remarks Sir Theodore Cook coolly, "was born in wedlock to that sturdy little horseman, though I have no doubt he was as good a sire as his beloved (foxhound) Furrier." The plain truth is that in his company no woman of a humble station was safe. And when he was able simultaneously to seduce "two cousins" he boasted: "Thus I was 'doubly blessed.'" We take it that this is what was meant—in the phrase of Sir Theodore Cook—"by his usual and very pardonable fondness for a pretty girl." But was it pardonable, even in a "gentleman"—the beau ideal of the countryside, Osbaldeston was, in strict truth, no beau ideal at all. He was an unconscionable cad and a blatant bounder. He confesses in these pages to but one scruple. Where he considered that the lady was respectable, he never mentioned her name, for this would be "kissing and telling." Otherwise his "relations" were not "an intrigue," and there was no reason why the mother of his casual offspring should be anonymous. Such a code of honor was doubtless characteristic of the circles in which the squire moved. And no other comment is needed.

But sometimes people took these matters seriously. A young fellow with a keener remorse than was possible to Osbaldeston's brutalized and blunted susceptibilities went so far as to poison the child born to him under irregular conditions. And Osbaldeston, as Sheriff, who did not consider that the girl's looks warranted the young man's passion, "witnessed the execution from the window":

> The wind was very strong and the poor lad was so light that when turned off he swung backwards and forwards as if in a swing; it was with difficulty that Jack Ketch could get hold of his legs to give him the last pull. A great many women with children in their arms attended the execution. They kept holding them up in execration of the man's crime, adding hisses to their gestures of loathing.

These, then, were the good old days of sport when England was still a Merrie England, and squires like Osbaldeston heard or evoked "the call of the blood." The fact about this man is that he was a worthless rake, whose debased character was only redeemed by a bucolic kind of courage, neither more heroic nor less heroic than the courage of a horse or a dog; a man who never in his life did a stroke of honest work. Happy the England that, without using the guillotine, has managed in large measure to rid herself of such parasites on her prosperity.

Three Thousand Years of Clothing

A STUDY OF COSTUME. By Elizabeth Sage. 225 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THESE books on costuming, which undertake to undress the relics of antiquity in order to see what they wore, always seem a little profane on first reading, but once one accepts the approach frivolous to objects long considered more or less sacred there is good fun to be had out of playing dolls with the inhabitants of Olympus or in uncloaking Homer to see how his robe was cut and fashioned. Indeed, when it comes to the point of seeing diagrams of the Doric chiton, or chemise, or of reading about the Roman strophium, or boneless corset, the sensation of intimacy is often quite bracing. It puts one, in some indefinable way, more on a level with the immortals.

On this plane, however, you may be sure that all things move with perfect dignity and sobriety. Especially if one be reading a textbook on costuming for a course in home economics in a large Mid-Western university.

Beginning with the Egyptians and the Asiatics, it proceeds through the Greeks and Romans, the Gallo-Romans and the Angio-Saxons, the Middle Ages (likewise "the dark ages in clothes and in civilization"), the Renaissance, the early seventeenth century, the Louis, the French Revolution, the Directory and the Empire, and finally the latter nineteenth century and the modes of today.

With this sweep of ground to cover, the treatment of the material can be in no way exhaustive, but the book is not a bad job of simplification. Each chapter sets out a few main facts, and then closes with a list of summarizing exercises on which the reader may test himself before passing on to fresh fields and pastures new.

The casual reader, however, is fortunately not under the necessity of answering these questions at all, but may browse round wherever the grass looks greenest. This is particularly fortunate when the exercise reads:

> "Design and make a 'hennin,'" or "Design a hat, using this period for inspiration."

Cream of the study, however, is no other than the index, covering five or six full pages of the most fascinating words. One can grow quite intoxicated merely by reading them over at random, wondering what each is like, and how Diana would have looked in a wimple, and if Queen Elizabeth would have been herself in a vertugadine or Homeric epiblemata.

Hundreds of the indexed words excite the imagination. "Afiche, amber balls, bas fiammette, cadenettes, cockscomb, corps-pique, incroyables, peribarides, peasced and trabea" appear side by side with the more familiar words, "whalebone, tippet, toga, patches and fichus."

This kind of cursory reading, of course, might fail to satisfy a professor of home economics, but it is eminently satisfactory to any one else in whose hands such a textbook might fall.

ISABEL BOYD.

French Literature, 1850-1925

PARIS.

I FEEL it my duty to warn you against a recently published manual, "La Littérature Française Contemporaine Etudiée Dans les Textes (1850-1925)," (Contemporary French Literature: a Study of the Texts. 1850-1925), by M. Marcel Braunschvig, Doctor of Literature and Professor of the Senior Class in the Lycée Louis le Grand. The more so since, to my amazement, I have noted that the Franco-American Committee recommends this work.

I have never been very fond of committees—this is not the only one—that take it upon themselves periodically to stamp a list of new books with their approval. In industry and finance, too, there are corporations whose boards of directors are made up of brilliant men, but which finally go bankrupt none the less. Most of the eminent members of the committees in question do not read the books they endorse, but take the word of one or two of their colleagues who report favorably on them. It suffices, therefore, for an author (or his publisher) to have a friend in this sanhedrin to obtain an endorsement.

Furthermore—and this is an important point—the list of books whose interest is guaranteed is simply published every month, or every three months, without any reasons being given for the choice. The public is asked to accept these decisions without question. Really, it is far too convenient a procedure. Criticism, on the other hand, explains its opinions, thus laying itself open to argument and permitting the reader to examine its evidence and to be fully acquainted with the case when he makes his decision. To be brief, criticism is responsible. A critic who fools the public and says silly things soon loses all his influence and authority. But when you have a committee of twelve or so you never can tell which one of them voted for or against any particular book. Each member uses the vague body of the whole as a screen.

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BESIDES, this manual borrows prestige from the imposing titles of doctor and professor by which M. Braunschvig is distinguished and which he has not failed to inscribe on his title page. I therefore feel obliged to say that, while they indicate very high qualifications for teaching classic literature, such titles do not point to any particular authority on contemporary literature, a field with which the majority of professors (at least in France) are not very familiar, and which is not lesson material in the true sense. The domain of university men is the past. On this solid ground they can be of service by instilling into their students a sound doctrine elaborated by the tradition of centuries. But contemporary literature is unstable, chaotic, a world in the making; to find one's way there one must have very flexible, highly unprejudiced esthetic sensibilities and a special talent.

The vocation of the professor, based on acquired knowledge and established orthodoxy, does not necessarily give one those qualifications indispensable for a discussion of our contemporaries. And M. Marcel Braunschvig, whose services in his chair in the Lycée Louis le Grand probably are very valuable, is guilty of many serious errors of commission and omission in his manual.

Errors in his scheme: He advertises a picture of French literature from 1850 to 1925, but does not mention Lamartine and Sainte-Beuve, who died in 1869; nor Michelet, who died in 1874; nor George Sand, who died in 1876; nor Victor Hugo, who died in 1889 and whose greatest masterpieces ("Chastisements," "Contemplations," "Legend of the Centuries," "The End of Satan," "God") were written after 1850. True, he spoke of these in a previous volume. But this does not make the title of the present book correct. Again, he publishes not only notes but selected passages as well. But these passages are ridiculously brief, for he quotes a number of insignificant authors instead of reserving the space at his disposal for authentic masters.

Errors in taste: M. Marcel Braunschvig goes into long ecstacies over a respectable but third-class poet like Sully Prudhomme, over a mediocre poet like Albert Samain, over living but unimportant poets like MM. Maurice Magre, François Porché and Paul Géraldy. To make up for this he misunderstands great poets to the point where one wonders whether he has read them. He declares that Mallarmé's obscureness in poetry was voluntary and charlatanical, as his prose is very clear. However, all of Mallarmé's literary prose is at least as obscure and difficult as his poetry. For example, his "Digressions," his little posthumous novel "Igitur," &c. As for Morèas, the excellent poet of "Stanzas" and "The Impassioned Pilgrim," M. Marcel Braunschvig does not take him seriously, and quotes from his works only a few little lines from "Quicksands," a youthful work; nor is there a better choice of quotations from Mallarmé. But he gives none at all from Raymond de La Tailhède or Maurice du Plessys! While he praises Paul Valéry, as is proper, a note reveals that he misunderstands him. In philosophy there are similar blunders. M. Leon Brunschvig, whose name is almost the same as our author's, is mentioned only incidentally, while the name of M. Emile Meyerson does not occur at all.

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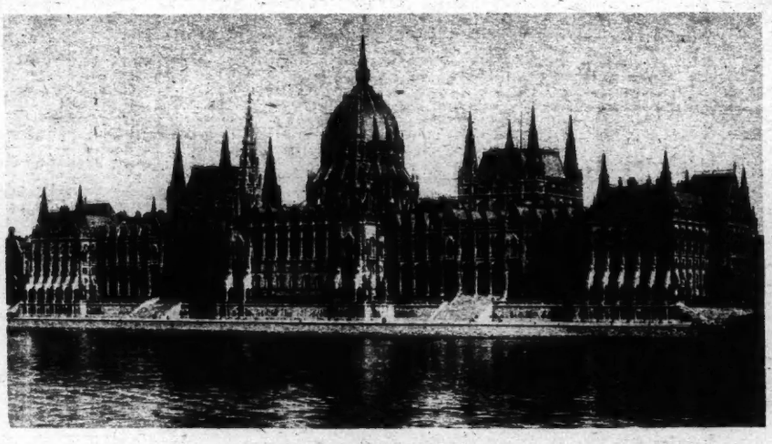
ERRORS in facts: M. Braunschvig believes that "The Spleen of Paris" is a work of Baudelaire's separate and distinct from "Little Prose Poems," while it is the same with only a different title; that the eighth book of "Stanzas" was written by Morèas, while it is a crude and notoriously apocryphal imitation; that M. Paul Fort invented a new metrical form, while he merely invented the printing of verses without separating the lines, like prose; that the Goncourt Attic was in the Boulevard Montmartre, while it was in Auteuil, in the Boulevard Montmorency; that Huysmans became a monk, while he was only an oblat, and that but temporarily; that Anatole France's "Garden of Epicurus" is a novel (it is a collection of ideas and thoughts), and that his "Red Lily" is a novel of ancient times (it is quite modern, the action taking place in the Paris and Florence of our day); that Judith Gautier is a pupil of Lott's, while she embarked on her career twelve years before the author of "Azyade," and much more of the same sort.

And as for the omissions——! M. Braunschvig does not know that Mme. Gerard d'Houville has written poetry. He breathes not a word of Hugues Rebell, or Alphonse Allais, or Montheriant, or Delteil, or Maurois, or Maritain, or many, many others. The book should be rewritten.

PAUL SOUDAY.



Parliament Building, Budapest.

Journalism Is Literature in Hungary

CILLICH ANNA NAPLOJA (Anna Cillich's Diary). Budapest.
GEORGIKON. By Ferenc Móra. Budapest.
ANOINETTE. By Lajos Biró. Vilàg. Budapest.
SEGITSEG! (Help!) By Dezsö Szabó. Budapest.
HONFOGLALAS. (Hungary's Occupation.) By Andor Kozma. Budapest.

VIENNA.

SHE was only 18 when she wrote: "I have not been sentenced to death, only to unhappiness." She wrote a diary, every line of which betrays the degenerate super-emotionalism of the genius doomed to be a failure. But the divine spark that was glowing in her illuminated Hungary's horizon. Then she had to go to rest—tuberculosis took her. She would have liked to linger a while—although she had harbored hatred for life. When she saw her end, the mirage of far-off beauties and love's heavy breath on her unkissed lips made her shiver with the intuition of virgin bliss. She passed away, but she left with us "Anna Cillich's Diary."

Anna Cillich wrote her diary as a means of self-protection, as an anodyne for her overstrained nerves, slowly decaying for lack of the counterbalancing influence of more vulgar pleasures. She did not write for profane eyes. Her manuscript was discovered in a secret drawer two years after her death. Yet she did not commit her thoughts to paper merely for the pleasure of writing. The curse of intellectual traditions was on her trail and prevented her from seeing life with the wide-eyed naïveté of the uneducated. She could not help thinking of precedents—mostly precedents of emotions which are reacting to certain causes. She is not, at least in her book, the medieval nun stifling her ego in the service of an overwhelming passion. She colors the events of her life, so as to make them more interesting—not for others, but for herself. Anna, 18 years, dreads to be just a commonplace girl. She would have been happy if she had been born in some slum of Budapest, an outcast of society. Misfortune had willed that she should be a member of the upper bourgeoisie; well cared-for and pretty. In her memoirs she revels in being poor and ragged.

Anna Cillich did not tell an untruth when she described herself as a wretched nobody. Hungary's literary gourmands would not celebrate her book as the most ponderous literary product of many years if she had been insincere. What she did was to transpose her life from uncongenial surroundings to a more sympathetic environment. She was simply dissecting her life's problems, as she saw them in the light of her purifying imagination.

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RUSSIA'S classical writers have discovered the peasants of the "dark empire." Their discovery was, from a literary point of view, equivalent to the opening up of a gold mine. They found an inarticulate mass of people, one hundred and forty millions strong, which, while impotent as a mob, contained rare treasures of manhood, possessed great powers of individualism. Francis Móra is the Hungarian counterpart of the classical discoverers of the Russian peasant. There is, however, considerable difference in the method of expression of this author and his Russian predecessors.

The literary school which is typified by Turgeniev can rightly be compared to the great explorers of "plaine air" painting. Instead of taking their peasants into their studios, where—mere caricatures in an uncongenial surrounding—they would have elicited only ridicule, Russia's literary revivalists went out to the mujik and portrayed him as he was cleaning his pigsty, enveloped in the glorioia of the radiantly glowing sun.

Móra has gone even further than the Russians. He is an impressionist who paints not what he sees but what he thinks ought to be seen. He dramatizes his subjects, displays his figures in attitudes which he considers typical, places them on the stage, demolishes the walls of his theatre and, having performed so many complicated processes, strikes a dramatic pose and exclaims: Voilà!

This author's style is the ideal of many a member of Hungary's younger literary generation. While the Russians tried to adapt their style to the simplicity of speech of their heroes, Móra has created for himself a poetical prose, Oriental in its splendor and expressionistic in its ultra-modern flights into the inexpressible.

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SOME of the chapters contained in "Georgikon" are reprints of articles published in the "Világ," a Budapest paper of liberal tendencies. "Világ"—this must be mentioned in this connection—is more

(Continued on Page 17)

A London Publisher Tells It All

LONDON.

IN "The Confessions of a Capitalist" Sir Ernest Benn told us something of his profits as a publisher, but, on the whole, did not let many cats out of the bag. More light is likely to be cast upon the mysteries of book production when Stanley Unwin of the house of Allen & Unwin brings out "The Truth About Publishing." Having had experience as printer, binder, traveler and now director of a leading firm, he knows the whole business from A to Z. Though a big book, it will be sold at a low price, because, we are reminded, "the publishers were able to dictate their own terms to the author." Mr. Unwin will doubtless make it clear that even prosperous publishers are deserving objects of sympathy as well as envy. Constable & Co. have had occasion lately to protest against the unreasonable demands made upon them by prospective book buyers. They have received, for instance, a "very bitter letter" complaining of the delay in the publication of Bernard Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" and asking them to explain this "lapse" on their part. They suggest that they are not really to blame for their failure to issue a book which Mr. Shaw has not yet finished writing, and they add: "We are a group of persons than whom none are more talented, but we do not write all the books we publish, and none of those with 'Bernard Shaw' upon their title page. Further, when an author is ill, should publishers turn super-mediocs and galvanize him once again to writing life?" But all the letters arriving at publishers' offices are not reproachful. The other day there was delivered to the same firm a letter addressed "Daniel Defoe, Esq., care of Constable & Co., Ltd." The publishers, intemperately curious, took the liberty of opening the envelope, and found within it an elegant invitation from a well-known society photographer asking Mr. Defoe to allow to his correspondent "the honor of making a few camera portraits for inclusion in a photographic record of 'distinguished patrons'" and advising him that a few days' notice was desirable if possible.

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MEANWHILE publishers as well as authors are constantly making new experiments in the art of giving the public what it wants as it wants it. One of the boldest has to be put to the credit of Messrs. Ernest Benn. They are about to issue in paper wrappers at a shilling the new long-short story by William Gerhardi, author of "The Polyglots." If this venture succeeds it may revolutionize the present methods of fiction publication in England. The same firm is following up its Sixpenny Poets Series by a Sixpenny Library, to start with miniature histories of England by David Somerville, of English literature by Professor C. H. Herford and of French literature by Maurice Baring.

Things are humming with that lion-and-lamb amalgamation society known as the National Book Council. With two exceptions, every important firm of general publishers has joined, and there has been no difficulty in getting support from authors. The response from booksellers has not been so good. The council's 33 bibliographies, of which 70,000 copies have been distributed, are in great demand, and 100 more are about to be compiled. The plan of supplying the rural press with articles about books and reading has proved an effective means of propaganda. Talks and lectures, over the radio and otherwise, have also been popular.

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HODDER & STOUGHTON promise a collection of speeches by the Prince of Wales to be entitled "The Commonwealth." . . . In "Further South African Recollections" Sir J. T. Molteno throws upon Joseph Chamberlain the chief responsibility not only for the Boer War but for the World War. . . . Students of English local government will learn much from "A City Council From Within," written by E. D. Simon, a recent Lord Mayor of Manchester, and announced for Fall publication. . . . Ephraim Lipson and R. H. Tawney are to edit an Economic History Review as the organ of the Economic History Society, now being established. . . . A. Lucas, the chemical expert who was entrusted with the preservation of the contents of Tutankh-Amen's tomb, has written a book on "Ancient Egyptian Materials."

Rudyard Kipling's new collection of stories and poems, "Debits and Credits," is due in September. . . . A little work "On Writing and Writers" has been compiled from the late Sir Walter Raleigh's notebooks by G. S. Gordon, his successor in the Chair of English Literature at Oxford. . . . Frank V. Morley's "River Thames" has received a cordial welcome from English reviewers. . . . That delightful child, Christopher Robin, is to figure again in A. A. Milne's next book, "Winnie the Pook." . . . Bohun Lynch is engaged on what will be a sumptuous and exhaustive history of caricature. . . . Somerset Maugham has in the press a volume of short stories, "The Casuarina Tree," mostly concerned with Malaya. . . . "It does not matter what an author eats," says Sheila Kaye-Smith. "So be it," comments the Outlook; "but some of them might be more careful about what they ask their readers to swallow."

HERBERT W. HORWILL.

DR. JOHNSON FINDS THE CONVERSATION BORING

Johnson Once Said to Boswell: "You Have But Two Topics, Sir, Yourself and Me. I Am Sick of Both."

"Walls of Glass" and Other New Works of Fiction

WALLS OF GLASS. By Larry Barretto. 319 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

CIRCUMSTANCES, rather than innate characteristics, set "walls of glass" about the persons who appear in Larry Barretto's latest novel. His heroine, Sophy Deming, is let into her situation by a series of catastrophes. A spirited horse runs away with her husband, Dr. Deming, throwing him against a tree and fracturing his skull. Sophy must provide for her young son, Joel, two years old. She is a Southern girl, of the traditionally helpless stamp. She can cook or teach school. Her social position will not permit her to hire herself out as a maid in the kitchen of a home in Valesboro where she has previously been an honored guest. The little Northern town is sympathetic, but insistent upon due observance of the proprieties. Her first undertaking is to furnish preserves and jams and jellies and other dainties, which she learned to make on her native plantation, to the Valesboro housewives. The difficulty is that the housewives, after the novelty wears off, turn to making their own jams and jellies and preserves.

The next venture leads to contact with Martin Greer, the wealthy and slightly eccentric stable owner, whose race horses lend color to the somewhat humdrum town. Valesboro has a race course, which, with the assistance of Martin Greer, bulks largely in the annual cycle of horse racing. Greer's cooperation enables her to invest her small bank account in a restaurant to cater to the race-track followers, principally, and also to such of the town's people who care to come to Sophy's new establishment for tea. Just as Sophy begins to feel hopeful of a happy solution for her difficulties, the building burns to the ground. At this very time, Joel, by now four, has a dangerous mastoid, after which she is counseled to take him to a warmer climate for a year. Her half-brother has turned her away for marrying a Northerner. What is Sophie to do?

The kind, if unconventional, offer of her neighbor and admirer, Martin Greer, remains to her. Greer has an insane wife. He does not divorce her, partly out of indifference, partly out of reluctance to undergo the expense and trouble of establishing a residence where insanity is recognized as grounds for divorce, and missing the horse races for that period. Valesboro, however, does not know beyond question of the existence of his wife. He therefore proposes that Sophy start as if for the South with Joel. They will then meet in New York and sail for a year in Europe. During the time of their absence, Sophy would write of her sudden marriage to Greer, and after their return all would be well.

It happens, however, that Valesboro learns of her true status. Twenty years of isolation follow for Sophy. She tolerates Greer as the means of giving Joel an education and enabling him to become a doctor and take up the practice of medicine where his father left off. By way of turning the iron in Sophy, Mr. Barretto introduces her, too late, to the fine young man, Alan Craig, who is at once smitten with Sophy's charms. Youth calls to youth, as the movies and Mr. Barretto put it. Sophy, however, sends Alan away, not once but many times.

At the age of seventy, Martin Greer dies, leaving Sophie $100,000, and her freedom to join Joel in New York. She finds Joel in the midst of a strange and hectic life. He protects her from all knowledge of what he is doing, what he is interested in, and, finally, of the girl he intends marrying. When Sophie learns that her son's fiancée is an actress, she is scandalized beyond measure. Mr. Barretto allows the reader to see how incongruous this is in Sophy, after the life of sin she has led. By way of appropriate retribution, Joel learns of Sophy's past through the unwitting agency of Alan Craig, a broken man of 46 or so.

Sophy's drama is somewhat dissipated between a transgression of a code of manners and a much more fundamental sin against her own nature. Either alone might have served as a basis for a farce or for authentic tragedy. Together they make for confusion. In "To Babylon," Mr. Barretto told a straightforward story of the sacrifice of a young man's ideal to be an architect on the altar of an easy success, of quick riches, of a flashy and inviting mode of life. Before it was too late, he returned to architecture and sought to patch together the remnants of his life, for the sake of the girl from home. Somewhere in "Walls of Glass" lies a poignant story of a woman who chose the easier way and the penalty she paid. Sophy's predicament, however, seems to have been incompletely realized. Mr. Barretto has tackled gallantly a challenging situation with varying success.

A GERMAN MYSTERY

FROM NINE TO NINE. Translated from the German of Leo Perutz by Lilly Love. 224 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

THE blurb that proves to be an understatement is a rare one, indeed. But such a distinction would seem to be achieved by "From Nine to Nine"; it is really better than the publishers, perspicuous though they are of its merits, lead you to suppose. It is, as they say, something new under the sun—at least to Americans who are forced to maintain the same literary diet year after year. Why could no such thing as "From Nine to Nine," any more than "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" in the movies, come out of America? We have writers of mystery stories who show as much ingenuity as Herr Perutz does. We have writers who show as much imagination, perhaps. We have a few whose books are even more exciting. But this book shows a versatility, an artistic level, which American mystery stories lack; it combines a fascinating story with striking characterization, keen knowledge of human nature and piquant humor. It represents much art spent upon a little thing. A man who has Herr Perutz's gifts, some people are likely to say, should do something more significant than carve the curious cherrystone of imagination and ingenuity which he calls "From Nine to Nine." We are rather glad he did. He wrote something mentally refreshing, physically exciting, and artistically sound.

"From Nine to Nine" is in essence a mystery story with two splendid shocks for the reader—one toward the middle of the book and another at the end. The first of these revelations does nothing to dull the interest of the book, for whereas its secret absorbed the reader by mystifying him until it was explained, its knowledge absorbs him equally because it still remains a secret to the characters in the book and he can watch it mystifying them.

The student, Stanislaus Demba, who causes the mystery, is a real, an almost unforgettable, creation. For the first half of the book the reader does not know what to make of him. As the blurb says, he is starving yet will not eat, he craves money yet refuses to take it by honorable means, he loves yet cannot act. He moves from one scene to another in a long black cape with his hands concealed beneath it. He tells one person that he has no arms, yet when in pity she leaves a few heller for him on a park bench, he sticks out two skinny fingers and picks them up. A professor finds him ravenous for food one minute, yet giving his sandwiches to a dog the next. He frightens a girl who reaches beneath his cape and feels the cold touch of steel—a revolver, she supposes! It is a very pretty mystery, indeed.

Then, toward the middle of the book, the secret of the mystery is revealed—Demba is handcuffed! That is why his hands are hidden, that is why Sonia Hartman touched cold steel, that is why two outstretched fingers grabbed the heller. He has been arrested for selling a book that belongs to the public library, and he has escaped.

Marvelous to relate, the interest of the book mounts rather than falls when this secret becomes known, otherwise we should not be so inconsiderate as to reveal it. Demba wants to go away with Sonia Hartman and needs 200 kronen. The record of his attempts to get them without using his hands, with only the reader aware that he is handcuffed, is one of the most delightful pieces of pure narrative that have come our way in a long time. It is a mixture of humor and pathos, of superb ingenuity on Demba's part, an ingenuity always frustrated in the end by a small miscalculation or accident. And all the time Demba is dancing on the brink of a precipice, for he realizes that if once his handcuffs are noticed it will be all up with him! This skating over thin ice provides a thoroughly exciting undercurrent to the record of Demba's attempts to get the money.

The story moves on to a climax in a Viennese café, where excitement and humor run over, and simultaneously human nature is portrayed with considerable neatness. The denouement which follows this climax comes as the second shock in Herr Perutz's splendidly contrived story, and though it is not completely satisfying or even necessary, it carries the story to its final conclusion with a swift and surprising effect.

It is doubtful whether "From Nine to Nine" will become a popular success. It is too sophisticated. It cares too much for other things than mystery to have a thoroughly popular appeal. Herr Perutz has not catered to the taste which demands a murder or an abduction in every chapter. He has woven a story out of nothing more blood-curdling or solid than a handcuffed man. To carry such a story through with the success he has achieved demands less an amplitude of material than a knowledge of art. It demands, too, versatility.

PREY OF GOOD WOMEN

THE LOOM OF THE FOOL. By Austin Macleod. 373 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

WHEN an author presents a book under a pseudonym, the question of his reason for so doing is bound to arise. Especially is that true when the publishers announce that he is "a well-known American writer, popular in another genre." One quickly wonders, "Is it a potboiler of which he is ashamed? Is it a hoax of some sort? Is it so biographical, or so autobiographical, that he prefers not to be indentified with it publicly?"

There can be no question as to the genuineness of "The Loom of the Fool." It is neither a hoax nor a potboiler. And from the easy convention of the plot, one is led to doubt whether it is essentially biographical. Perhaps the author's desire for anonymity springs from a wish that the reader's reactions to this novel shall not be colored by his present reputation. The question still remains intriguing.

"The Loom of the Fool" is essentially a discussion of the question, "What is personal liberty and how does one achieve it?" Richard Gordon, "born to be the prey of good women," finds life to be a series of entanglements into which he gets without realizing quite what he is doing. He lacks the ruthlessness to extricate himself from these uncongenial positions when he realizes that to do so will hurt some one of whom he is fond. It is his fatal weakness that he cannot be decisive in his relations with women. He has a mental predisposition to give them what they want, and, after all, why shouldn't he? He is never sure just what it is he wants, and they are always so definite in their desires—and those desires are always so valid, so much "the right thing."

What objection, for instance, could he raise to his wife's determination that he become a success in business? It was evident that he had the necessary qualifications; he was not rich, his position in the community was by no means secure; surely he should bend all his energies to getting ahead, to the collecting of dollars. Of what use would it be for him to suggest that the concentration necessary for success left his life sterile; that he got no satisfaction from business and from the observance of the petty social formulae of an enterprising Western city? It really never occured to him to mention these things to Ann. Had he done so she would have made him see Dr. Crandall—and would have suggested that he play golf more regularly. Such a mental attitude she could explain only by overwork, or some other external, physical cause.

Ann never had any place in Richard's dream world. It would have been an unspeakable annoyance to her had she known that he had a dream world to which he went for refuge from the sordidness about him. Yet when she was killed in an automobile accident, Richard was surprised and vaguely uneasy to find that her death had left him with a sense of relief. He ignored it and denied it. He had been really fond of Ann; without her he would undoubtedly have been a failure in the eyes of the world. His dream world, he supposed, was really foolishness. It was strange that he didn't miss her more. He had never even considered the possibility of life without her. Now he was his own master, for the first time. But instead of the emancipation he should have had, he found himself returning to the same treadmill of routine. Hattie, Ann's cousin, moved into his house, accompanied by her mother, and everything went on as before. Hattie, although not so domineering as Ann, in a subtle, persuasive way directed his life as completely as his wife had done.

Richard made his first determined stand against convention when he discovered that Hattie had decided to marry him. He rebelled at the thought of settling down forever with Hattie as he had been with Ann. He was 40, and life seemed too short to waste it like that. By an astounding exhibition of will power and determination he kicked over the traces, gave up his position in the business world, and set out for New York. He took with him the manuscript of a novel in which he had expressed, to some extent, the emotions of his dream world.

His year in New York was exciting and broadening. His personality developed rapidly. Yet, despite his

(Continued on Page 12)

Tobias Smollett's Pungent Scorn for Polite Society

A New Study Shows How the Fiery Physician Lampooned His Foes in His Novels

A STUDY IN SMOLLETT. Chiefly "Peregrine Pickle." With a Complete Collation of the First and Second Editions. By Howard Swazey Buck. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3.

By EDWIN CLARK

IN the first heyday of the English novel, blooming with the diverse books of Fielding and Richardson, Tobias Smollett, like Dr. Samuel Johnson before him, descended upon London Town with a tragedy in verse under his arm, letters of introduction and the high spirits of 18. It was a time of literary change. The system of patronage, so long prevalent, was beginning to be out of joint with the new spirit. True, patrons and ladies of quality were wooed in the traditional manner, but the writers of this age sometimes treated the unbending patrons to the novelty of public rebuke and satire. So it happened, when the young Smollett waited in vain upon Lord Lyttelton, who failed immediately to appreciate "The Regicide," that the youth was angered. This refusal drove Smollett to independence and a full adventurous life. He was a fiery Scot and he turned upon this polite world and lashed it for the greater part of his life with pungent scorn.

Unable to sell his play, Smollett went to sea as a ship's surgeon. His service in the Royal Navy furnished him with characters and material for much of his later novel writing. Upon his return to London he adapted the method of the Picaresque tales of Cervantes and Lesage, introducing scenes of low life in "Roderick Random," the first novel of the sea. Here he set down real sailors, real sea going business and the language of those who follow the fortunes of ships. With this novel Smollett was established and assumed the life of a busy man of letters. In the course of his career he concerned himself with the writing of history, pamphleteering, editing, translating and playwrighting, besides practicing medicine. He also found time to marry a charming lady, lived happily with her and wrote six long novels.

With the success of his novels, Smollett did not join the prevailing literary cliques of his day. He gathered a group about himself. He had little traffic with the great and near-great of the Johnson Club. But every Sunday afternoon his house on the edge of the town was open "to all unfortunate brothers of the quill," whom he entertained—and more—fed copiously. A delightful account of his hospitality has been given by Sir Walter Scott in a letter marked by insight and appreciation for the man. If ever there was a writer who could thoroughly enjoy a good hard fight it was Smollett. He followed up his first recognition with "Peregrine Pickle," which paid off a number of old scores.

Like all first-rate men, Smollett had to succeed where previously he had strikingly failed. His first attempt for the stage had failed; that his novel was successful could not assuage that failure. Now the annals of the theatre are filled with disillusion and wrecks of stout friendships over plays and castings that failed the great expectations of all involved. But Smollett did not even start with friends, for, as Mr. Buck shows in this volume, he practically began by making enemies. This is brought out by Mr. Buck in his comparison of the texts of the two editions of "Peregrine Pickle," where he has been primarily interested in clarifying Smollett's relations with his famous contemporaries. Mr. Buck, in stressing the biographical import of "Pickle" and his discoveries from examining the papers, pamphlets and magazines of the period has shown the struggle of Smollett—turned down by such patrons as Chesterfield and Lyttleton, refused by the managers Rich and Lacy, quarreling with Garrick—all of whom in turn he satirized directly or indirectly in public—in his efforts to get a play produced. This painstaking and sound investigation by Mr. Buck relates this endless bickering of Smollett to definite purpose and reveals an amusing picture of Lyttelton so stung by the force of Smollett's satire that he was afraid to publish his own writing.

Certainly these railleries of Smollett are welcome and shed light on the personalities of the period. "Peregrine Pickle" continued his outspoken realism and, in the fashion of the day, included in its pages as characters well-known people. Smollett did not wait for a play to be accepted. With relentless satire, among those caricatures, he set down Fielding in ridicule for marrying his "cook-maid"; Akenside, the scholar, is an "index-hunter who holds the ell of science by the tail"; Garrick is "a parasite and buffoon, whose hypocrisy is only equalled by his avarice"; Lyttelton is "a dunce"; Newcastle, Brute and Pitt are slurred; and the King is mocked with the "sweet princes of the royal blood." It may be readily believed that these hard-hitting sallies caused considerable controversy. He was answered by reviewers and pamphleteers. The insertions of the memoirs of Lady Vane—the scandalous memoirs of a Lady of Quality—into the middle of "Pickle," added the charge of immorality to the general hue and cry of protest. Finally, he published "The Regicide," which had been the cause of much of this bitterness and printed it with a preface that continued the controversy by proclaiming the indifference and duplicity of Rich, Lacy, Garrick and Chesterfield. This asperity and generally bickering went on until some time later Garrick, strangely enough, accepted his "Reprisal" and Smollett realized his frustrated ambition of a produced play. After this the celebrated Dr. Smollett and Garrick were on friendly terms and remained so for the rest of their lives.

"Peregrine Pickle" had been published in 1751, and by 1758 Smollett was bringing out a revised second edition. Previously this was thought to have been revised in the year of first publication, but Mr. Buck definitely proves by advertisements that 1758 was the year of the second edition. This is the only novel he revised. In his advertisement he remarked that his revision reformed its manners, corrected expression and rendered it more worthy of readers. He cut many of the coarse references and softened others. He trimmed his narrative, bridged gaps, changed words and, in general, improved the style of composition with his retouching. There was artistry in Smollett's revision as well as expediency. The novel still was full of gusto; but Smollett had acquiesced to the opinions of others. This he did with some grace, as well as tact, for he was by then a person of some import.

But his brawl with Fielding preceded this apologetic gesture. Lyttelton, as Fielding's patron, enraged Smollett. The "trading Westminster Justice" had in Books IV and VII of "Amelia" gibed at the scandalous success of "Pickle." Smollett, bitterly galled, answered with the pamphlet, "Habbakkuk Hilding," and Fielding returned the attack, after finishing "Amelia," in his Covent Garden Journal. This was a free-for-all; nothing was barred, including the diabolical and ghoulish. Today it seems incredible. Mr. Buck observes that to Smollett "Lyttelton is the dark, animating force in all Fielding's doings. Fielding is his merest creature." Smollett also, with some reason, held that Fielding had plagiarized from both "Roderick Random" and "Pickle" the characters of Strap and Miss Williams, for the Partridge of "Tom Jones" and Miss Matthew of "Amelia." This charge Dr. Cross, in his "Life of Fielding," has shown to be impossible, because of Fielding's work being finished at an earlier date than Smollett's. This Grub Street warfare was ended with Fielding's death. By 1758 Smollett made amends. In his revision, he lifted the offending passages concerning Fielding. Later, reviewing Murphy's biography, he paid high tribute to his genius and to the man, making belated amends as graciously as possible.

Mr. Buck has made several important discoveries in his intensive study of "Peregrine Pickle." His discovery of the only copy of the second edition of "Peregrine" to be found is a fact of importance with its determination of the exact date of publication. This has helped to explain and adjust Smollett's many controversies. The carefully collated text, bringing out the changes, is illuminating and interesting.

The sniffing Thackeray of the "English Humourists" observed that for all the hard and savage battling Smollett could do justice to an enemy "and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him." He even admitted that "somehow" Smollett was a gentleman. The aging and sick Smollett mellowed, shed satire and developed a delightful humor. He wrote to Garrick of his "desire to live quietly with all mankind and, if possible, to be upon good terms with all those who have distinguished themselves by their merit." Yet, in the same year of this letter to Garrick, Smollett in his Critical Review railed against Admiral Knowles, upon his examination for the failure of the Rochford expedition. "He is," wrote Smollett, "an Admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution and a man without veracity." This was a too perfect summary and Smollett was tried and imprisoned. Finally the battered Smollett, dying at Leghorn, completed "Humphrey Clinker," a mature book, full of wise observation, rich characterization and the charity of a good fighter, which has been rightly called the most laughable story of English fiction.

It is now 150 years since the death of Smollett, and with the other literary giants of his era, he is emerging again from the blight of Victorianism. In spite of the large mass of critical writings upon the man, including those by such recognized men of letters as Scott, Henley and Saintsbury, there is no first-rate critical biography. Certainly here is a subject ready at hand for a brilliant study. The man, Smollett, as well as the hard-working novelist, should stand forth brilliantly, in his courage, resolution and humor. Probably of all the excellent prose writers of this period, Smollett wrote the most natural, exuberant and ingratiating style. His opening paragraph for "Sir Lancelot Greaves," striking immediately the character and atmosphere of this novel, is a classic model of the perfect beginning for a novel. It has been frequently imitated and copied and has yet to be surpassed in its perfect realization. With the research of Mr. Buck, the recent editing of Smollett's letters by Professor Noyes and the old biographies of Hannay and Moore, the most difficult work has been completed in the matter of securing material and sorting it, nothing remains, as Sheridan remarked of his play, but to write out his conception. An intensely interesting and fascinating biography should be forthcoming.

Commodore Trunnion of "Peregrine Pickle."

From "Characters of Romance," by William Nicholson.

Monday to Sunday in Boston

BOSTON IN SEVEN DAYS. By C. R. Athearn. With maps. 155 pp. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

THIS useful little book for the tourist to Boston companions its predecessors that guide the traveler, also in seven days each, round about New York, London and other cities. As do they, it presents its information in faintly fictional narrative, the author adopting the expedient of showing two friends, a man from the West and his fiancée from the South, the most important and most interesting things to be seen in Boston in the course of seven days of rather assiduous sight-seeing. The little party of three start out on Monday with a very inclusive trip to Bunker Hill and North Boston. On Tuesday they cover Central Boston and on Wednesday Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, including many pages devoted to the Public Library, Trinity Church and The Fens. On Thursday they go to Harvard and Cambridge and on the three remaining days, successively, to Lexington and Concord, Salem and Plymouth.

The chapters are all comprehensive and include information as to historical events, noted people, dramatic happenings, present-day conditions. There is counsel about theatres, hotels, restaurants, and constant advice about subway, elevated and street car lines and which to take to reach specified objectives. The narrative is notably full and is recounted as interestingly and with as much variety, doubtless, as possible, considering the amount of information that had to be packed into the volume. There is even, occasionally, a little sparkle of humor. With so many places to visit it was not possible, perhaps, to compass everything worth seeing in and around Boston, but any one who has ever spent delightful hours in Arnold Arboretum will regret that that unique and beautiful garden was not included in this itinerary. There are maps and diagrams of the several parts of the city and of the transit lines. An index makes it possible to find easily and quickly any desired item.

Current Magazines

UNDER the title "Home!" a writer who signs himself "A Returning American" gives in the August Atlantic Monthly his impressions of his own country after a visit to England. The first thing that struck him on his arrival in New York was the noise, most of which he feels is utterly unnecessary since London manages to get along without it. Another thing was the "utter breakdown of law and of protection offered to the citizen by his Government in America." In London, he tells us, it is not necessary to use armored cars for the transporting of money through the streets. He cites an instance of five millions of gold arriving from South Africa consigned to the Bank of England. "At the dock it was placed in an open dray; a tarpaulin was drawn over it, and it was driven to the bank with no guards of any sort." Presenting the other side of the shield he informs us that "although the law is rigidly enforced and respected, one's private life is remarkably free from interference," which may be one of the reasons why the law is respected. Other things that struck this returning voyager were the terrific pace at which we are living, the tremendous amounts of money that are being spent, and the fact that the American has no sense any more of simple enjoyment. In his concluding paragraph the writer asks:

> How long can American nerves and minds and the American soul withstand the pressure and pace of America's present insane and noisy life, and the increasing restrictions on independent thinking and individual expression? There are ample signs that a devastating financial and commercial panic is not many years distant. Will the newer rich who may arise after it lead us a livelier dance yet, or will the history of the orgies of extravagance following the Revolution and the Civil War be repeated and a period of returning sanity ensue after the financial bloodletting?

There is much food for thought in this article, but, unfortunately, those who need its lessons most are not much given to thinking. Besides this article the August Atlantic contains "Playing at Providence," by William P. Gest; "Protection from the Police," by John Barker Waite; "Freedom Considered," a poem, by Harriet Simpson; "The New Secession," by Langdon Mitchell; "Candaule's Wife," a story, by Emily James Putnam; "The Education of an Englishman," by Alfred North Whitehead; "Shopping Around," by Zélie Leigh; "A Temperamental Journey, II. House-Hunting in the Country," by A. Edward Newton; "Off His Beat," a story, by Morris Gray Jr.; "Soldiers and Statesmen of the Civil War. II. Lincoln and Grant," by General Sir Frederick Maurice; "The Altered Basis of Religious Authority," by David E. Adams; "Concerning Reviewers of Sorts," by Margaret Lynn; "Absence," a poem, by Humbert Wolfe; "A Kitchen Parnassus," by Mary Ellen Chase; "Egyptian Milestones and Zaghlul Pasha," by Captain Owen Tweedy; "The Hold-up That Failed," by Albert Kinross; and "Follow the Leader," by Ernst Johnson.

Those who are interested in the commercial uses of art and whose business it is to apply art to such uses cannot fail to find much valuable information and suggestion in the revived magazine, Commercial Art, published at 44 Leicester Square, London. The first number (July) of this magazine is beautifully printed and contains some splendid reproductions of posters, advertisements, box labels and wrappings, ornamental glass, basket work, &c., with text explaining and commenting on the examples shown. The aim and purpose of the magazine is set forth in the editor's Foreword, from which we quote:

> It will deal with that artistic appeal which is necessary to bring any kind of goods prominently before the public. It will illustrate every possibility of design in the goods themselves.
>
> Its object is to be of service to the business man, the designer and the general public. It will show the manufacturer, retailer and advertiser what is being accomplished at home and abroad, and make them familiar with the work of artists and designers who can help them. It will place the commercial point of view before the artist and assist him to realize the needs of commerce and the conditions of mechanical reproduction. It will show the public that is interested in beautiful things products of everyday utility which they can buy, produced at competitive prices and yet possessing the fine essential qualities of a work of art.

Arthur Train writes in the August issue of The Forum "In Defense of Authors." He defends the author on the one hand against the excessive adulation so often lavished upon him when unthinking people hail as a genius one who is merely a fairly successful entertainer, and on the other hand against the too critical minds which accuse the "popular" writer of "writing down to his public." Mr. Train is of the opinion that virtually all writers write as well as they can and that "writing down" is not only extremely rare but almost impossible, for the reason that to do so would require a greater degree of artistry and technical skill than is possessed by most writers. Undeterred by the vast quantities of worthless literature that are produced, Mr. Train would have each man follow the natural instinct for self-expression, for

> Every one of us is the product of ten thousand forebears. He is the offspring of priest and pirate, of cobbler, husbandman, and seafarer, of barmaid and princess, of street hawker, student and canal driver. Their voices cry in his blood. Let him hark to them all. For one day he will be Marco Polo or Captain Kidd and the next Erasmus, and none shall say whether he be more of one than of the other until what is to be written shall be written. Let him write what he will if he feels the call to write it, and out of a million words perhaps five thousand may give joy or profit to future generations. The kennel man counts himself lucky to get one or two good pups out of a litter. In human families the ratio of good to bad is hardly any better. Yet we go on breeding, confident that the strain shows improvement.

So the writer must write if letters are to improve, and not even the author knows which of his offspring will be the more virile, or which will mate with those of another mind and beget a Shakespeare. And as long as the author has an idea, God forbid that we should wish it to be stillborn or not born at all. Let us be chary of literary birth control. It is better to let an idea live than to stifle it, for it may lead the author into new pastures where he is freer and more at home than he is at present. It would be a pity to spoil a first-class Frank Stockton in order to have a third-rate Charles Lamb. And who can tell? So often an author meets one of his friends who openly laments that he does not do something "worth while" only to encounter upon the same day a far more intellectual or distinguished person who upbraids him for having given up writing what he calls "that bully adventure stuff" for "literary rot." I contend that the world needs both and that if a man can produce both it is all the better for him and for the world. Too much effort at selection would end in literary sterility. Moreover, thought breeds thought, and thoughts breed ideas. The more one writes the more one finds to write about.

In the same number of The Forum Rebecca West discusses "Divorce"; G. Elliot Smith and Bronislaw Malinowski debate the question "Is Civilization Contagious?"; Paul Monroe writes on "Student Politics in China," and H. Munro Fox considers "The Mystery of the Moon." The series of articles on "Confessions of Faith" continues with one by Charles Edward Jefferson entitled "Why I Am a Congregationalist." Other features are "Revising the Bible," by Cardinal Gasquet; "Mandragora," a story, by Kenneth Macmichael; "Au Revoir," a poem, by Marie Emilie Gilchrist; "Constantinople," four drawings, by Howard N. Cook; "A Tramp to Hastings," by Charles Brooks; "A Little Girl's Yesterday," a poem, by John Martin; "Those Victorians," by the Pedestrian; "The Value of Intelligence Tests," by Herbert Sidney Langfeld; the second instalment of Emil Ludwig's biography, "Wilhelm Hohenzollern," and the fourth instalment of Anthony Richardson's novel, "High Silver." The "Forum Definitions" for this month are contributed by readers in reply to the question, "What Is Immorality?"

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"The World of William Clissold." H. G. Wells. (George H. Doran Company.)

"Devil-May-Care." Arthur Somers Roche. (Century Company.)

"The Sardonic Smile." Ludwig Diehl. (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

"The Two Virginities." Herbert S. Gorman. (Macaulay Company.)

"Iowa Interiors." Ruth Suckow. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

"Singing Winds." Konrad Bercovici. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

NON-FICTION.

"In Quest of the Perfect Book." William Dana Orcutt. (Little, Brown & Co.)

"A Short History of the Catholic Church." Cuthbert Wright. (Albert & Charles Boni.)

"The Splendid Stalemate." Herbert Wescott Fisher. (Thomas Seltzer.)

"Lee: A Dramatic Poem." Edgar Lee Masters. (Macmillan Company.)

"The Wives of Henry VIII." Martin Hume. (Brentano's.)

"The New Leadership in Industry." Samuel A. Lewisohn. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Books and Authors

SO many prizes are being offered for fiction that the story writer of today must be in a quandary as to which contest he shall enter. The latest prize offered is one of $10,000 for the story or novel best adapted for magazine and motion picture production. It is offered by College Humor and First National Pictures, Inc. The story may be of any length from 5,000 to 110,000 words. The author of the winning story retains all rights excepting the first American serial rights and the world motion picture production rights, but First National Pictures is to have the option of purchasing the second serial rights for $1,000. The contest closes at midnight, Feb. 1, 1927. Further particulars may be found in the September issue of College Humor.

Early in September Minton, Balch & Co. will publish "Allegra: The Story of Byron and Miss Clairmont," by Armistead C. Gordon, who is a collateral descendant of the Gordon family to which Byron's mother belonged. Mr. Gordon gives a new interpretation of Byron the man, laying particular emphasis upon his inheritance from the wild Gordon side, showing that the Byrons were not solely responsible for the poet's eccentricities.

"How Insects Live" is the title of a book by Walter Wellhouse which the Macmillan Company will publish very shortly. From the advance notice we learn that "caterpillars will seem less creepy even to the most timid and cutworms less blameworthy even to the most devoted gardener after reading this book." We are just a wee bit skeptical about that. At any rate, no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cutworms will ever get a cent of our money.

Forty writers will collaborate in producing "The Free Lance Writer's Handbook," which the Writer Publishing Company of Cambridge, Mass., will publish in September. Among the contributors are Augustus Thomas, Hamilton Gibbs, Henry Seidel Canby, Mary Roberts Rinehart and Katharine Fullerton Gerould. The book will aim to provide a true survey of the opportunities open to free lance writers. One of the features will be a directory of literary markets. The book is compiled by William D. Kennedy, editor of The Writer.

Mr. J. J. Curtis has been elected President of the Bobbs-Merrill Company to fill the vacancy caused by the death last February of William C. Bobbs. Mr. Curtis is one of the three original organizers of the company, which was formed fifty-three years ago. He is a Hoosier and lived in Indianapolis for many years, but since 1920 he has lived in Hollywood, Cal., where he was in charge of the West Coast office, selling the motion picture rights to the novels published by his company. He is credited with being the first publisher to adopt colored jackets for books. The stock of William C. Bobbs was inherited by his widow, Ruth Pratt Bobbs, a well-known portrait painter, and his son, Julian Bobbs, who has been re-elected Treasurer of the company.

A Frederick List Society has been organized in Germany to perpetuate the memory of the great German economist, who made his home in the United States from 1825 to 1831 and was one of the foremost among the early American writers on commercial policy and economics. The society is preparing to publish a complete critical edition of List's writings, addresses and letters in seven volumes. Volume II, containing his American writings, will be edited by Professor William Notz of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

The Purdy Press, 158 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, will publish late in August or early in September "In Dixie Land: Stories of the Reconstruction Era by Southern Writers." The same concern will publish a series of "Little Classics of the South," edited by Henriette R. Palmer; a volume of "Reminiscences of Rhode Island," and a reprint of "Annals of the Aristocracy," a book of early Rhode Island fiction by Mrs. Catherine R. Williams, originally published in 1845.

Deric Nusbaum, the young author of "Deric in Mesa Verde," which G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish about the middle of August, is an adventurous youngster. His most recent exploits were swallowing an Indian arrowhead and falling down a sixty-foot cliff—not both at the same time, however. He survived both experiences and is ready for more.

Sylvia Thompson, the young English author of "The Hounds of Spring," published by Little, Brown & Co., is now Mrs. Theodore Dunham Luling. Mr. Luling is an American art student who has lived in England since he was 10 years old. It is rumored that the author and her husband will visit America in the Autumn to watch the filming of "The Hounds of Spring." Mrs. Luling attributes the success of this novel to a lucky Teddy bear, Peter Vesuvius Snelgrove, and she is going to dedicate her next novel to him.

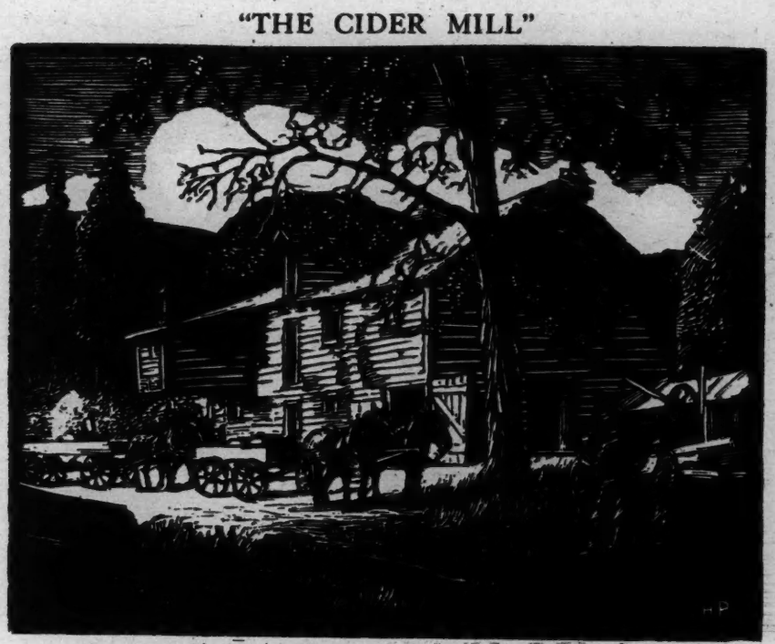
The first list of books to be issued by the John Day Company includes "The Music From Behind the Moon," by James Branch Cabell; "Less Than Kin," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; "My Heresies," by Bishop William Montgomery Brown; "That Last Infirmity," by Charles Brackett; "The Black Angels," by Maud Hart Lovelace; "The People Next Door," a history of the Mexican people, by George Creel, and "New Schools in the Old World," by Carleton Washburn in collaboration with Myron M. Stearns.

A new series of travel books to be known as "The Wayfarer Series" has been inaugurated by Houghton Mifflin Company. Annie A. Quibell's "A Wayfarer in Egypt" and Walter Weston's "A Wayfarer in Unfamiliar Japan" have already been published. Forthcoming volumes are "A Wayfarer in Provence" and "A Wayfarer on the Loire," both by E. I. Robson, and "A Wayfarer in Alsace," by B. S. Townroe.

The third part of Romain Rolland's novel "The Soul Enchanted," of which "Annette and Sylvie" and "Summer" have already appeared, will be finished this Fall. It will be published in this country in January by Henry Holt & Co. The title will be "Mother and Son," and the story will fill two long volumes.

"The Escape From the Primitive" is the title of a book by Dr. Horace Carncross, which Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in September. Dr. Carncross is a Fellow of the College of Physicians, in Philadelphia and a well-known psychoanalyst. He applies the principles of his science very liberally to mankind as a whole and explains why social groups and entire nations often act like children.

"THE CIDER MILL"



From a Wood Block by Herbert Pullinger. From the August Country Life.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 9)

dabbling in a number of things, including unconventional love, he did not find the freedom, the personal liberty which he sought. This new life was pleasant, but not satisfying.

After a year in New York he was called home by the death of a rich aunt who had left him half a million dollars. On his return to Verden Springs he found that he was no longer hampered and restricted by local conventions. The fortune that he had inherited, which, in the eyes of his neighbors, enhanced his value tremendously, had something to do with it; but he found that he had an attachment for the city; he felt that he was really a part of it. So he finally settled down there, married his former stenographer, the only woman who had ever understood his dream world, and, the reader is led to suppose, found liberty and satisfaction.

The book deals frankly and honestly with a number of problems that are of vital importance to any sensitive man who is forced to become a cog in the American industrial machine. Its discussion of the necessity that each individual experiences of finding something that satisfies him, whether it be in daily routine, or in life outside of business, is of vital importance at the present moment. The old crafts spirit is practically extinct; business is an inhuman, standardized machine in which there is slight chance for the development of personality. What is a sensitive individual to do?

The author, in the end, sidesteps the issue when he lets his hero avoid the dreariness of business through the simple expedient of falling heir to a fortune. In his discussion of these problems, however, he has brought up many pertinent points.

In literary quality the novel just misses being quite fine. It is, one feels, more the material from which an excellent novel might be written, rather than a finished product. The author is more interested in "problems" than in characters, although his description of the rich old aunt is a masterpiece.

AMIABLE CHIT-CHAT

LAVINIA AND THE DEVIL. By Camilla York. 269 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

IN "Lavinia and the Devil" Camilla York follows the device used so successfully by Professor Erskine in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and tells a story chiefly by means of conversation. Her chapters are rather interludes, some long, some short, in which the reader gets the impression that he is listening in if the scene be dinner party or cabaret, or eavesdropping if the occasion be, as is frequent in the present book, more intimate. Naturally, to succeed with a method of this kind the actual talk, per se, must sparkle frequently on every page without too laboriously and self-consciously striving for the inevitable hand-tooled epigram. By and large, Miss York achieves a high level of amiable chit-chat—sophisticated, witty, alluring, well-deserving of all the blurb-writer's epithets—but it seldom passes beyond being just that. Let this paragraph, picked at random, stand as indicative:

I met Kenneth Harker-Thompson the other night. * * * To tell the truth I thought he was rather cinema-lordish.

You mean, "What ho! old bean," said Lord Blinkit, "dressing for dinner with care?" said Peter, amused.

Yes, with care not with clothes like the rest of us.

Or lack of them said Peter rather cruelly.

She flushed and he felt a cad. But the music began again.

This illustrates not only the method but much of the material with which Miss York concerns herself. Her people emerge from Who's Who, DeBrett and, as the continent sends a few, from the Almanach de Gotha. For the most part they are rather pointless post-war successors to the former English big-wigs. They inhabit the same great houses, sip tea under the same enormous oaks, walk across the same close-shaven lawns, but with anything but the same distinction. Certainly something has come over the county folk and the inhabitants of Mayfair. Or is this just the last ebb of that strange but short-lived fashion, to look at things English through Armenian spectacles?

But one must not take "Lavinia and the Devil" or Miss York too seriously. Internal evidence suggests that she is not satirizing post-war society so much as enjoying a little literary joke. She has endeavored not only to write an entertaining and slightly naughty story, but to ring the changes on a certain famous and well-established plot. She deliberately quotes from the source of her inspiration. Then, seemingly, she said, "Well, if a man in that story, why not a woman in mine?" And in answer she wrote not "Miss Jekyll and Madame Hyde," but "Lavinia and the Devil."

But so far as the reader is aware when he picks up this book, what confronts him is the old triangle of roces with a wry twist to it. Let the apex be Peter. Now Peter started out by being one of those well-bred, well-dressed nice young English boys and nothing much else. The vortex of London society threw him in the way of Lavinia—exquisite, virginal, wealthy, and, if you please, a blend of Irish and Austrain. Peter loved Lavinia and Lavinia loved Peter. Society, momentarily tired of the cynicism which denied that such a fresh young love could exist, looked on and said "Bless you, my children." And then on the scene came the exotic Princess Debelowsky.

Now the Princess, vaguely Russian but definitely cosmopolitan, resembled most of the great women of destiny—she possesses an apparently poisonous fascination for men, a still young body, and yet a legendary youth. Peter succumbs with a swiftness quiet unflattering to Lavinia. The Princess uses him as a puppet to send hither and yon on her intrigues. Meanwhile Lavinia from her Austrian castle begs for his society. In fact, through most of the story the unhappy Peter, still at the apex of the eternal triangle, wonders to which corner of it he is the most drawn.

Viewed in the light of its dénouement, of course, the book stands out as a jeu d'esprit. But the effect of the narrative as it progresses, particularly the disillusionment and cynicism of the conversation, is definitely provocative. The authoress fortunately has the gift for amusing description and vivid flashes of interpretative characterization. With the Americans in her story she goes out of the way to be rather banal. She picks out obvious freaks, already well-ridiculed in contemporary fiction, as pegs on which to hang her inclusive diatribes against a whole nation. But even the philosophy-hunting American women who refer to their husbands always as Mr. So and So she lets off more easily than she does the official society of Coblenz. The story's air of sophistication makes much of it rather good fun.

SIMPLE AS DR. WATSON

THE WRONG LETTER. By Walter S. Masterman. With a Preface by G. K. Chesterton. 212 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

BY far the best thing in "The Wrong Letter" is Mr. Chesterton's introduction to this detective story, which is one of the best condensations of what a detective story—and its readers—should be that has appeared in the English language.

I wish [he writes] when reading such a story to become as simple as Dr. Watson; to be in the happy, cheerful, childlike, radiant condition of Dr. Watson and not in the much more dark and disillusioned and satiated and skeptical condition of Sherlock Holmes. I generally am in that childlike condition. But in every case it is my ardent and aspiring ambition to be stupider than the man who wrote the story. And in the case of this story I actually succeeded.

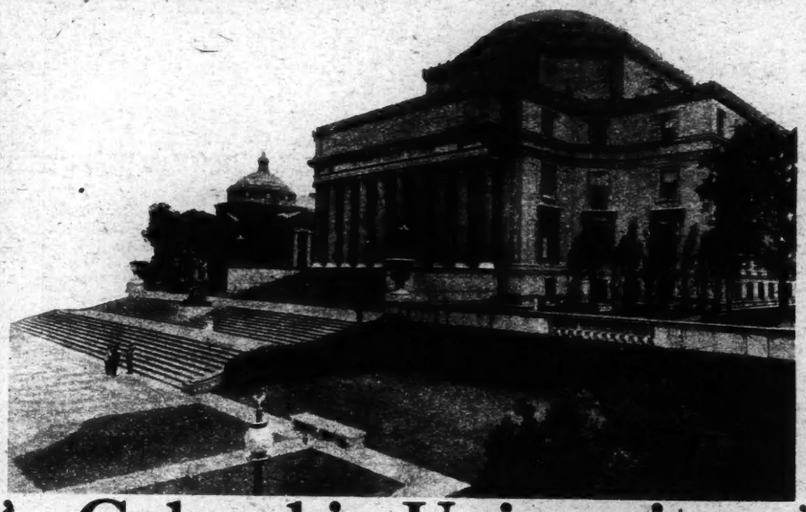
And in a concluding passage of magnificent sonorousness, he concludes:

I will confine myself strictly to saying what he [the author] does not do. And merely out of the things which he does not do I could construct an enthusiastic eulogy. On the firm foundation of the things he does not do I could erect an eternal tower of brass.

This is the secret of literary craftsmanship, and perhaps Mr. Chesterton is not too optimistic in suggesting that the rules of art may be applicable to the detective story. But in the case of "The Wrong Letter," baffling as it is from the first to the next to last page, the reader—even if as childlike as Dr. Watson—will be inclined to think that the author has spent too much energy in fooling his public and not enough in constructing a really fascinating crime.

For the murder—and it is murder,

(Continued on Page 16)



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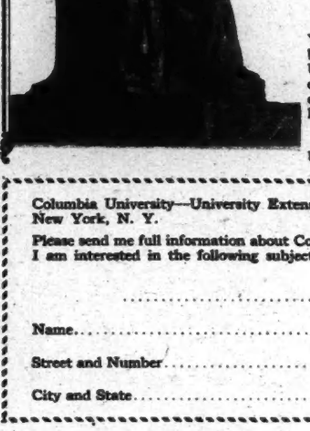

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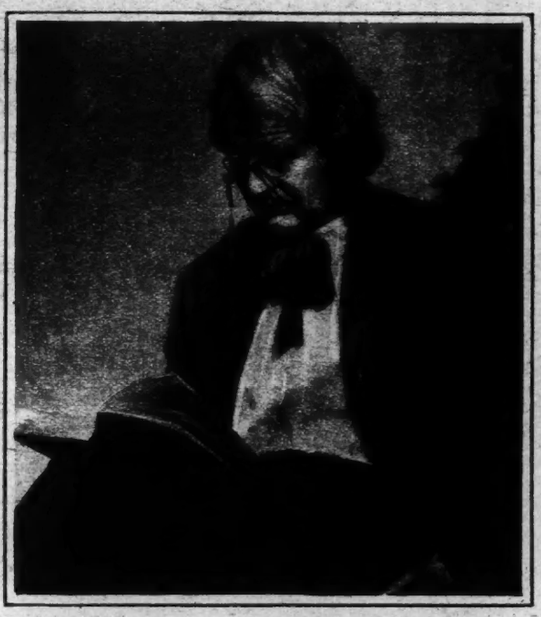

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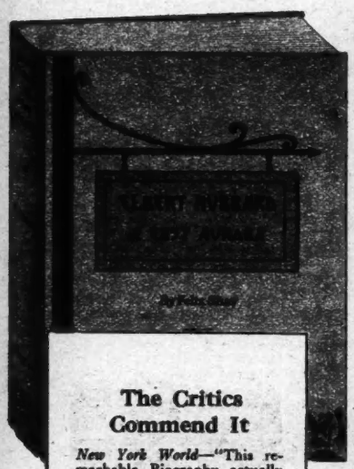

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A many-sided genius was Hubbard, who rode like a centaur, wrote like an angel, fought hypocrisy and sham, made friends with hoboes and Presidents alike. He had no use for stiff collars, for white hands, for great wealth. His was a life so crowded with activity, so glorious with high adventure, so rich in achievement that people said of him wherever he went, "There goes a man!"

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Brief Reviews

HOW TO COOK GAME

THE SPORTSMAN'S COOKERY BOOK. By Major Hugh B. C. Pollard. 156 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

NO first-aid this for the dinner of the hunter or the fisherman far afield; no campfire companion for the camp in the wilderness. Instead, Major Pollard intends his "Sportsman's Cookery Book" for the instruction of cooks who preside over kitchens equipped with all modern utensils and stores, wherein cooking becomes a fine art for the tempting of appetites that do not, perhaps, wait on days in the open air. It is a cook book that deals solely with the results of the sportsman's skill, and it tells how to cook in more than two hundred ways partridges, pheasant, grouse, waterfowl, land birds, small game, venison, and various kinds of fish. The author, who is an Englishman, maintains that the ordinary English cookery book "is barbarously incomplete concerning game," and he adds that "American cookery books are even worse than English ones." And, therefore, he has prepared this one.

He prefaces each chapter with a few pages of genial observation and comment, through which gleams a sparkle of wit here and there, while even in the recipes his usually good-natured but sometimes sarcastic humor breaks the bonds of dry direction. He is catholic in his tastes and has evidently experimented much in the matter of food, for along with his recipes for boned pheasant, grouse soup, jugged hare, devilled snipe, roast venison, grilled carp and other fowl or flesh or fish dishes one finds suggestions for the cooking of badger, hedgehog bear paws and red squirrel.

ABOUT COMETS

THE ROMANCE OF COMETS. By Mary Proctor. Illustrated. 216 pp. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

FRIEND, admirer and lifelong student of comets that she is Mary Proctor, daughter of the famous astronomer, Richard A. Proctor, here comes to their aid and renders them several good turns. For so many centuries they were under man's darkest suspicions as forebodern and bringers of the worst evils that he knew, the causes of catastrophes and sorrows manifold, that a large percentage of mankind still feels rather uneasy about them. If the large percentage would read Miss Proctor's interesting book it would hereafter sleep just as well when a brilliant and long-tailed comet seems to be pointing its head toward this fated planet as it does after the menacing visitor fades away into space. For they will learn how harmless comets are from her exposition of their probable origin, their place in the heavens, their orbits, their relations with the earth, the other planets, the sun, and one another, their entire innocence, so far as cosmic destruction and fatal portent are concerned, their fascination as mysterious objects of the sky and the entertaining story of what man has thought of them ever since he has been writing his fears, his thoughts and his curiosities concerning them.

The tale is sufficiently romantic and enough of its mysteries are still unsolved to justify the title. There is no part of it more entertaining than the chapter which narrates, with many brief extracts, the convictions of famous men, some of them the greatest of their day, concerning the portentous nature of these mysterious visitors. Big-game hunters who begin to tire of that sport, fishermen who would like to look up instead of down for a while, and others longing for a new hobby or new avocation, will doubtless be especially interested in a chapter which tells them about the joys of comet-hunting with a small telescope and another which offers counsel as to photographing comets. The final chapter takes up the suggestion, which the author insists Lord Kelvin made as a joke, that the germs of life may have come to this earth in a meteor. But, joke or earnest, Miss Proctor still envisages for the reader the mystery of carbon in cerain meteorites and "the all-engrossing conclusion that wherever carbon exists there organic matter exists or has existed." She tells the story of several of the great comets, such as Donati's and Halley's, and explains that comets sometimes have very distressing experiences, right out there in open space, under the watching eyes of numberless telescopes. She states fairly and with many extracts from the works of eminent astronomers the opposing theories of the origin of comets, of which one sees them as having been ejected from the sun or from large planets in gaseous state and the other as having been captured by those bodies out of space and tamed into statellite companions. This chapter, perhaps the most important in the book, sets forth the views advanced by the author's father just before his death in 1888 concerning the ejection theory of comets, and so partly supplies a missing chapter in his "unfinished work, "Old and New Astronomy."

BIRTH CONTROL

BIRTH CONTROL AND THE STATE. A Plea and a Forecast. By C. P. Blacker. 87 pp. Today and Tomorrow Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

IN this latest little volume of the frequently stimulating but not always important Today and Tomorrow Series a question that is coming vigorously and insistantly to a position where it will have to be met and answered receives dignified and judicial discussion and acknowledgment of its immediate importance and of its significance for the future. Discussion of it has heretofore been so limited in appreciation of its wide and varied implications and upon a level and by methods so lacking in dignity that the general public has been somewhat misled as to its fundamental importance. Mr. Blacker's book lifts it to its due place among the social, economic and political problems, national and international, of the present time whose solving will have unguessable influences upon the future. He reviews the chief arguments on both sides of the question, dealing with especial interest on the influence upon the impulse toward war of a population in excess of the ability of a country to furnish work and maintenance. In this connection he goes into the possibility of future war by certain nations supposed to have expansive and militant desires. Being an Englishman, much of his argument on the economic implications of birth control deals with conditions among the lower classes in Great Britain, the certainty of continued doles under the present system and the progressive deterioration of the population. From his discussion of the personal, social, national and international aspects of the question Mr. Blacker reaches the conclusion that birth control can be made an important factor in the race's biological development, and a necessary one if mankind wishes to attain a common ethical standard. He is convinced that it will be necessary to control the increase of population to insure any permanence to the existing form of civilization.

HISTORY OF ART

ART THROUGH THE AGES. An Introduction to Its History and Significance. By Helen Gardner. Illustrated. 508 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.

HELEN GARDNER can congratulate herself that she has accomplished with high success a very difficult piece of work. For her comprehensive survey does not degenerate, as is too often the case with such attempts, into a mass of detail wherein one fails to see the town because there are so many houses. Instead, she seeks for the beginnings of expression of the art impulse and traces its evolution down through the ages in all regions and periods of artistic consequence, so bringing out their several backgrounds, spirits and characteristics and so showing their connections that one gets the whole vast development in a deeply impressive and continuous perspective. The task demanded an immense amount of knowledge that had been not merely acquired but had throughly soaked into and become a part of the author's mind, an organizing capacity that could marshal all this knowledge into its due relations and an extraordinary sense of selection that enabled her to keep out all the detail except such as would illustrate fittingly the successive developments and show their nature and significance. One ranges down the centuries from prehistoric man to the present time, perceiving the high-lights of artistic expression, the achievements of significance, the

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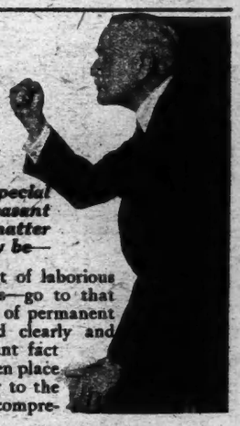

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

evolution of the artistic spirit. Miss Gardner came to her task well equipped for its exacting demands, for she has been for some time in charge of instruction in the history of art in the school of the Art Institute of Chicago.

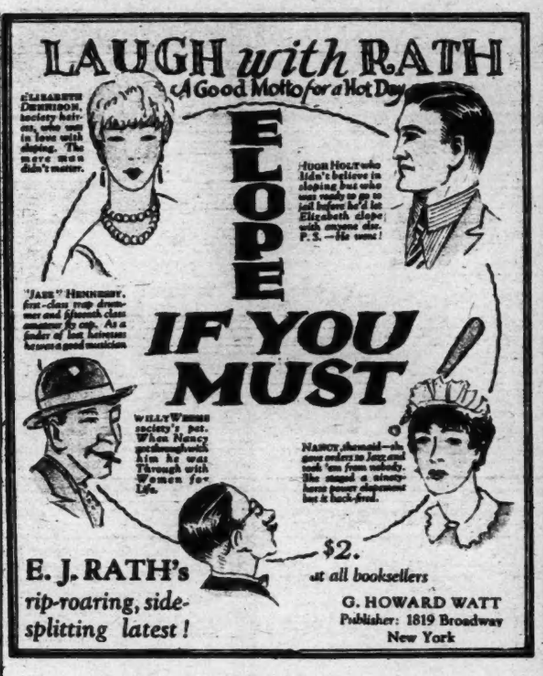
The book begins with a survey of the vestiges of the expression of artistic impulse in the paleolithic and neolithic ages in Europe, comes on down through the early and later Egyptian periods, the art of Babylon, Chaldea, Assyria, and the Minoan civilization, to Greece and Rome, and so on through the periods and nations of the Christian era. Mohammedan art and that of Persia get a chapter each. The art of China, India and Japan and that of ancient America in the middle and southern regions of the hemisphere are treated, each in its own chapter, and separate from the stream of European development because they were not connected with or influenced by it. The survey ends with the beginning of the twentieth century but a final chapter studies the artistic developments and tendencies of Europe and America during the last two decades and notes the effect of the contemporary situation upon all the arts.

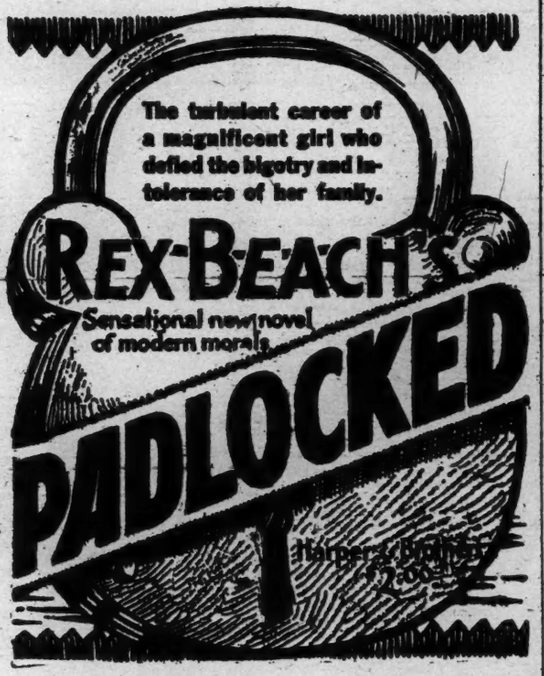
The author's method is to study each era, as, for instance, Holland in the seventeenth century, England from the Gothic age to 1900, the Early Christian and Byzantine period, as a unit in culture and to present, first, a brief historical survey of the conditions—geography, climate, religion, social, economic and political status—that have influenced its art and then to set forth the course of artistic development during the era, discussing and analyzing a few of its most typical examples in both the major and the minor arts. At the end a brief summary brings out the esthetic significance of the era as a whole and in its relations to other periods. The author's aim is to develop in the reader a broader understanding of the artistic impulse and its expression and to enable him, by reason of this comprehensive understanding, to appreciate all art more keenly and to perceive the vital correlation among the arts.

In a book of such extended field and comprehensive survey it is inevitable that many names and examples, some of them of great fame, and all biographic material must be left out. Therefore, the reader must expect very little of this kind of matter, which usually fills most of the pages of art history studies. But the illuminating treatment of background, spirit, relations, significance will enable him to appreciate and understand all of that much better when he finds it in other books.

An important feature of the volume is the wealth of illustration, which includes several color plates, a great many halftone plates and many drawings in the text—amounting to almost 700 altogether. Each chapter is followed by a bibliography, while an appendix contains a brief but well-chosen bibliography on theory and practice of esthetics, lists of places at which reproductions can be secured and a glossary of technical terms. While the book has been written primarily for use in educational institutions, it will be invaluable for the general reader who wants something that will give him a fundamental understanding of the development and the historical significance of art.

The George H. Doran Company announces that Stephen Vincent Benét, author of "Spanish Bayonet" and "Tiger Joy," has been awarded one of the Guggenheim Memorial Fellowships for the year 1926-27. These fellowships are open to artists, musicians, writers, scientists, research workers, or scholars who can present logical plans for study for the year in their particular fields. Preference is given to persons between 25 and 35, who have already attained some degree of recognition. Mr. Benét plans to do creative writing in prose and poetry, following certain historical investigations in France and Spain, which he has long desired to make.





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(Continued from Page 12)

what Mr. Chesterton comfortably calls "the corpse in the Summer house," which is the basis of any real detective yarn—is of Sir James Watson, Home Secretary of Great Britain, who is discovered in his study in the following depressing condition:

> Clean bullet wound—no burning—fired from a distance—probably while he slept—entered right temple—bullet lodged in the brain—all straightforward—both hands limp, and peaceful expression—ergo unexpected attack and no resistance—now, let's see—eyes shut—confirms first impression. Anything else about the body?

There follows one of those interminable clue hunts, in which suspicion is cast upon Superintendent Sinclair of Scotland Yard; on Sylvester Collins, the amateur detective who plays Holmes to his official mind; on Lewis, Sinclair's subordinate; on Sanders, who had been Sir James's private secretary; and on Ronald Watson, Sir James's wastrel son. Heart interest is added, involving Sanders, Collins and Sir James's daughter, Mabel, in an unusual triangle. And the solution is extremely simple and very unexpected.

Here—it seems—lies the defect of "The Wrong Letter." Walter S. Masterman has strained so hard to avoid doing the things which Chesterton denounces and has spent so much time in constructing a booby-trap for all but the least gullible that his story ends very lamely, is not, in fact, a story at all, but a merely recital of events. And so—pace G. K. C.—"The Wrong Letter" is not worthy to stand beside "The Murders of the Rue Morgue" or "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

What gives permanence to the work of Conan Doyle is the fact that the reader is put through an expert course in inductive analysis, that he is treated to the whole crime, as it slowly develops. In "The Wrong Letter," the reader begins with the crime and works backward in more or less perfect safety. His attention is concentrated only on detecting the murderer, and he is not involved in the perils of the manhunt, which is a natural concommitant of crime.

IN THE SILLY SEASON

THE STOOPING VENUS. By Bruce Marshall. 338 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

"MODERN" is a much-abused word. Bruce Marshall's characters are "modern" in the sense that they discuss books issued since 1920, dance to music published in New York, wear gowns made in Paris, and mention politics originated in London. Mr. Marshall has anxiously hoped to combine the Mayfair with the evangelical schools of fiction; he has therefore added unto his "smartness" certain moral lessons out of the gospel according to the humdrum. His story of the young woman who went after sensation with a brilliant novelist, and returned to duty with her husband, a motor car manufacturer, is literary in the worst possible sense. When one character remarks to another, "My love for you is like the sun," and the other soulfully responds, "Why that's poetry," it is time to look for reassurance to the calendar: after all, it is the silly season."

Mr. Marshall, as a matter of fact, is not content with one novelist for a character. He has two. Both are in love with his golden-haired heroine, who, of course, has "a little pagan body." It is the one who lands a "best seller," however, who wins Louise from her husband. Louise's marriage was sufficiently incredible, but the great love, the grand romantic passion that comes to her and to Robert Hewit, in a huge and fashionable hotel where all their friends and enemies are sure to stop, has not been equaled since the elegant absurdities which George Moore once committed concerning "The Lovers of Orelay." Louise and Robert are ready to "count the world well lost for love" at one moment, and the next are weighing the filmiest scruples.

Fortunately, another girl happens along and kisses Robert at just the moment that Louise enters the one obscure room, out of an enormous hotel, where her boy-friend is. The result is, naturally, a scene. Both the women stalk out of the room and leave Robert, which is rather amusing, but the effect is spoiled by an oversupply of conversation. The small talk which Mr. Marshall inflicts upon his characters appears to be a good deal more insignificant and boresome than even a conscientious photographer should feel called upon to provide. One of Mr. Marshall's dinner parties, with laboriously smart remarks passing around the table, is calculated to give a reader more intense and more prolonged and more insufferable shooting pains in the wrists and arms and legs and head from sheer weariness than the original article possibly could.

Mr. Marshall has obviously read too much and listened and reflected too little. He not only has his characters mention all the popular successes and the fashionably esteemed novels of the last five or six years, but he bedecks his banal and halting materials with an atrocious variety of "fine writing," which surpasses Berta Ruck at her very lowest ebb. An instance of how not to write is provided on almost any page. At random, page 65 offers the following typical specimen:

> He got in, and the car shot forward like a thought sped from a giant's brain. They swerved up the avenue, turned sharply to the left and swept along the open road, throwing a ribbon of hungry light before them. The night was clear, a perfect gem in a perfect setting. The sky shone like burnished steel, a huge shield pricked with stars; and the new moon, an elf hung by invisible threads, was in a white crest upon indigo.

Further, the characters talk and think and act alike. Especially talk. The matter which presumed to be developed in the novel is handed over to the so-called characters who deliver opinions upon it at breakfast, in motor cars, at tea, under such skies as the above, and at dinner parties. All very terrible.

LITERARY MASS-PRODUCTION

THE GREAT BRIGHTON MYSTERY. By J. S. Fletcher. 310 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

J. S. FLETCHER is surely the shrewdest and most progressive of novelists. For he is forward-looking enough to apply to the novel-writing craft the principles that are making modern industrialism the greatest force in the world. He has seen the advantages of standardized mass production in the making of automobiles and reapers and other machinery, and has applied those triumphant principles of American industry to the writing of his particular brand of tales. The results surely cry aloud his wisdom. For no other novelist of any land can equal his output of fiction, nor can the reader be so sure of what he is buying when he purchases a novel by any other author. If he buys a Fletcher mystery story he can be absolutely sure of its dependable quality.

This new novel, Mr. Fletcher's fourth for the year of 1926, holds to the well-known standard that its author set seven or eight years ago when he first made known his special gift for the writing of stories of mysterious crime and its detection. As always, the plot is a model of mechanical construction, the crime is one of intricate and baffling features, the development of all its ramifications is progressively intriguing, and the criminal finally pays the price of his misdeed. The story is scened at Brighton four or five years ago, and the reader is plunged at once into its mysteries when in the first pages the body of a dead man is found at the foot of the cliffs. At first the supposition is that he has fallen off the cliffs and broken his neck, but there are suspicious features, and these are investigated and gradually lead the detectives and reader far afield. The dead man, who proves to be very wealthy and almost a stranger in England, has had business interests in many parts of the world, and the trail of his life is tracked back to Australia, where had happened incidents whose results are associated with his murder.

It is all developed carefully and smoothly, with that gradual enhancing of mystery and doubt that engages the reader's attention and sets him to guessing as to the identity of the murderer and weighing as he reads the values of the different clues.

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Literature in Hungary

(Continued from Page 8)

than a daily newspaper: it is an encyclopedia, a book on many subjects, a magazine, a bridge to the west. It feeds Hungary with Europeanism and teaches it world-mindedness. Although a daily paper and dependent upon the graces of the "profanum vulgus" it has the courage to assign to the progress of human thought the importance which it deserves, in precedence over the sensational eruptions and abnormal manifestations of everyday life. An interesting philosophic thesis, just discovered, a book of exceptional merits, or the changes of the cross currents in life's spiritual aspects have more chance to be printed on its first page than a divorce scandal of Budapest society or other "mondanités" of equal importance. Francis Móra, Ludwig Biró, Julius Krudy are contributors to this paper which they have made, intellectually, at least, the most prosperous periodical in Hungary.

"Antoinette," by Ludwig Biró, was first published in the "Világ," too. Biró needs no introduction in America. Broadway has seen several plays by him. His novels, such as "The Jews of Bazin" and "Amor and Psyche" are well known all over the European Continent.

"Antoinette" is a modern Madame Dubarry, whose story is both entertaining and profound. Biró, although he is full of deep philosophic thoughts, ripened by many years of mediation, knows that philosophy and fiction are incongruous. His teachings,—because he is a moralist—are so skilfully submerged in undiluted fiction that, without noticing the intent to preach, the reader realizes only upon further reflection that in addition to the pleasure caused by the unexpected turns of the narrative he has become a better man.

***

POLITICS has been Hungary's greatest enemy since the foundation of the kingdom a thousand years ago. The incestuous marriage of politics, or more correctly, of government against the people, in spite of the people and to the detriment of the people, with the population's private life, has finally led to the establishment of a police state. Desider Szabó was the most gifted troubadour of the white terror in Hungary. He wrote a book, "The Flooded Village," which the leaders of the terror, searching for the documentation of their claims, accepted as their Bible. Szabó has become their national poet and semi-god.

This mesalliance did not last long, however. Szabó, whose gifts are beyond dispute, felt ill at east in the company of the medley crowd of political opportunists and adventures. Chased by his obstinate impetuosity from one extreme to another he has, in his latest book, turned against his former idolisers, and wrote, in three volumes, a powerful indictment of Hungarian political quackery.

Desider Szabó, like most of Hungary's popular writers, started on his career as a journalist. The way Magyarland's newspapers are written explains why journalism in that country is so closely connected with the more permanent products of belles lettres.

Every little news item in a Hungarian journal is a complete narrative: a miniature novel or a drama in a nutshell. Its purpose is not merely information but also literary pleasure. Besides, tiny stories, so-called "feuilletons," are organic parts of the well-edited papers. Writing of feuilletons has proved a good means of breeding men versed in pungent writing. In a few thousand words the author has to tell a story which would be sufficient material to justify the writing of a book.

***

BETWEEN the high-strung individualism of Anna Cillich and the historic objectivism of Andor Kozma, author of "Honfoglalás," there is a radical difference in the "Weltanschauung" of two generations. In this epical poem Mr. Kozma sings the heroic deeds of Hungary's conquest by Arpád's warriors. There is nothing extraordinary about this poem except that an author, living in the second quarter of the twentieth century, should write such an old-fashioned work, reminiscent of the days of Tonquato Tasso.

Hungarian literature is, in fact, the battleground of literary styles and conceptions greatly divergent from one another. Side by side with anticipations of the literary developments of the thirtieth century we find, among the recent publications of Budapest publishers, several books which make one remember the products of the Middle Ages. Indeed, one has the impression that the Hegelian pre-natal atavism has found an illustration in the case of Hungarian literature. Thus, in their evolution toward racy belles-lettres the Hungarian writers are undergoing a process of transformation from the aboriginal forms of literature to the ultra-modern tendencies of the present era.

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Gilbert Stuart

(Continued from Page 5)

His manner had something of the formality of the old school; but it was evident, at the first blush, that he had been conversant with good society. He loved to display his powers as a conversationalist, and to come in friendly collision with intelligence and wit, in order to sparkle and shine. He was sometimes a little fastidious and eccentric, but he never lost the manners of a gentleman on any occasion. The lives and works of the great artists of all ages were familiar to him as his palette. He discoursed upon their excellences, defects and peculiarities as one who had read and examined them all most thoroughly. His eloquence was peculiar and attractive; his voice strong and deep; his enunciation clear and distinct; and his countenance came in aid of his voice, for his features were bold and lion-like, and no stranger ever passed him without mentally saying, "That is no ordinary man."

This is Samuel L. Knapp's estimate, approved by Miss Anne Stuart, the painter's daughter. It relates to the years when, after his days of busy sittings in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, he was established in Boston—still painting busily and, no doubt, still turning out copies or adaptations of the three types of Washington's head which he had got from three series of sittings given him by the General.

It would be idle to pretend that the Washington portraits are Stuart's best works of art. Even looking upon them as likenesses, it has to be remembered that they were all painted in Washington's old age and that the painter never saw Washington except in old age. The fact is not altered that the Washington who lives before our eyes is the Washington Stuart painted, just as truly as the King Henry VIII who lives in our imaginations is the Bluff King Hal that Shakespeare put into a play.

In the circumstances, no apology is due the connoisseurs of art for treating his exhaustive collection of reproductions of Stuart portraits and his elaborate presentation of the painter's life and personality, from the historical rather than from the art critic's point of view. Gilbert Stuart was one of the ablest painters of his time and his technical merits as a portraitist are very high. But he painted a period, he preserved the features of a generation. And it was the most significant generation in the history of our country. His contribution to the world is not merely a contribution of the world of art.

Something should be said about the distribution of the material in the four folio volumes of Mr. Park's work. In the first is the biographical and critical manner. Beginning in the first and running through the second is the catalogue proper. A few special plates are included in these two volumes. The third and fourth volumes are composed entirely of reproductions in black and white of Stuart paintings. There are 606 of these reproductions—usually excellent—the Washington portraits coming last in a group by themselves. In the catalogue are listed 947 portraits of other persons besides the 111 Washington portraits, or a total of 1,058. Appended are lists of present and past owners of Gilbert Stuart paintings, so that the whole work is a true compendium of knowledge on the subject. Moreover, as a fine specimen of bookmaking the work compels attention; the typography was planned by that master of his craft, Bruce Rogers.

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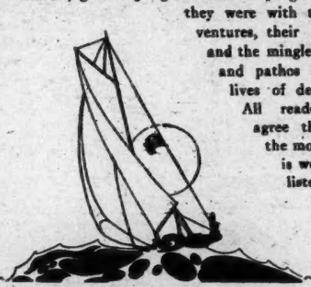

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Objection and Reproof

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

With reference to the claim that Thomas Jefferson invented the swivel chair, permit me to inform you that an ancient Egyptian four-legged stool with a seat that revolves on a bronze pivot may be seen in the British Museum collection of Egyptian relics. This stool is inlaid with ivory and the seat is of maroon, colored leather. Is there anything new under the sun?

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.
New York.

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

May I call your attention to a slight error made by the writer of the review of my "Menace of Nationalism in Education," which appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES on Sunday, July 11? In his opening sentence he stated: "Mr. Scott is an Englishman." As a matter of fact, I am an American and have lived most of my life in the United States. The error, however, is quite natural. When I finished the book, I was residing in Littlehampton in Sussex and therefore dated my preface from that place. Also the book was first published by an English firm. Furthermore, I was advised that before publishing it would be well to weed out all Americanisms from my manuscript. It seems that English reviewers nose out Americanisms, as bloodhounds nose out convicts. Once they get the scent of an Americanism firmly in their nostrils, they are apt to make for it and to forget all about subject matter. A 100 per cent. American like H. L. Mencken (for in his attitude toward England Mr. Mencken seems to be as much of a hundred per center as any Hibernian Rotarian) might have refused to have the Americanisms touched. But there seemed to be no vital reason, in my own case, for championing the American language against the mother tongue, especially as I much preferred to have the book reviewed for subject matter than for Americanisms. An Irish gentleman kindly consented to eliminate them, and did so so effectively that no review that has come to my attention has spoken of them.

The menace of nationalism seems to me to be very great, but not so great in my own case as to make it necessary for me to disguise myself as an Englishman.

JONATHAN F. SCOTT.
Granville Centre, Mass.

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

My skin is hard enough to withstand the sophisticated attacks against my book, "Singing Rawhide," such as the unsigned one in the July 4 issue of your estimable paper, but I do object strenuously to your reviewer setting me down as the owner of the various magazines I edit. In all fairness you should publish the information that it is Mr. W. M. Clayton who is the owner of the magazines published under the general heading of The Clayton Publications: Ace-High Magazine, Cowboy Stories, Ranch Romances, The Danger Trail and Clues. It is Mr. Clayton who has put his own money in these magazines; assumed the financial risks, and who has discovered probably more "famous" writers than any other publisher. The list includes such names as Octavus Roy Cohen, Achmed Abdullah, Robert W. Sneddon, Hugh Kahler, &c. I cannot let this pass even though I am on a three months' vacation from my desk, up in the wilderness. Please inform your readers also that these ballads were not written in my office, as your reviewer states, but at home after the day's work, and also that the colloquial language in the next volume will be even more unpalatable to the Algonquin School of Deeper Breathing Criticism.

HAROLD W. HERSEY.
Highland, N. Y.

Editor, The New York Times Book Review:

"The Days of Dickens" was the title of a book reviewed in your journal on May 9. Toward the close of the article the reviewer referred to "the callous incarceration of debtors in the Fleet, the Marshalsea, King's Bench or Whitecross Street Prisons."

The obvious inference would be that "the callous incarceration of debtors" is a thing of the past. That is a mistake. Were Mr. Pickwick alive today, and were he guilty of the act for which he was sent to the Fleet—refusal to pay damages awarded by court—he would be jailed for "contempt." And he would be thrown into a jail where conditions would be ten times more severe than in the Fleet. He would enjoy none of the privileges that he obtained without question in the British prison. In a county jail Mr. Pickwick would find himself thrown in with a crew of criminals, the foulest, vilest offscourings of society. He would have to subsist upon the scantiest and plainest of prison fare; only in an exceptional case would he be permitted to supplement it from his own means. He would even have to wash his own clothes. You will remember that when he was sent to the Fleet for debt, he took his valet with him, who was permitted to pass in and out of the prison, buying Mr. Pickwick's food, preparing his meals, attending to all his needs. Now, in no county jail would anything of the sort be permitted. In brief, when Mr. Pickwick looked back on his condition in the Fleet, it would appear heavenly in comparison with the treatment that we give today to the man guilty of "contempt of court."

HORACE LINDSAY.
Napa, California, May 29, 1926.

Epic of a Modern Marco Polo

(Continued from Page 1)

city I passed the wonderful Potola, one of the wonders of the world—a gigantic block of buildings. I have not yet counted how many stories high, mostly white-washed, with the centre painted red and surmounted by small roofs of gold. It impressed me like the great ruins of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, St. Peter's, the Mosque Omar and the Taj Mahal—all, of course, in different ways. The Dalai Lama no longer lives there, but resides in a country place near by, and a fine broad, modern road has been constructed to it, along which, at about 100-yard intervals, are small columns on which incense is burned when the Dalai Lama passes by.

Of his reflections on having at last completed this tremendously difficult journey, Younghusband also gives us a paragraph in General Pereira's own words, but the account of his stay at Lhasa is, like the rest of the book, devoted to informing observations useful to experts familiar with Tibet and its problems.

From Lhasa the General walked to the railhead in Northern India, about 400 miles, and thence down to Calcutta by train. Most men would be content, after such a journey, to rest. But not so Pereira. He went to Mandalay and thence up to the railhead in Burma, and across the series of excessively steep and high mountain ridges that divide the rivers of India from those of China, and from Yunanfu started north to the valley of the Yangtse. Within a mile or so of Kanse he collapsed. Fortunately a Dr. Thompson was with him on this stretch, and he gave him stimulants and arranged to get him to the city. The General died that night of a gastric ulcer. "His iron will," as Sir Francis Younghusband well phrased it, "forced out of his frail body its last possibility." To the end he pushed on, and although he made no diary entries on the last day, he worked on his map, which is now the most accurate survey of Central Asia that the British Government possesses. His life was full of adventure in service. Perhaps some one will later bring out this picture in its full colors, either permitting the traveler to speak for himself, or passing his life through the sieve of those broad human interests which it so obviously possessed, but which, in the present volume, have been subordinated to the data that belong in a guidebook to the route from Peking to Lhasa.

Yale University is to have a Walter Camp Memorial in the form of a monumental gateway with enclosures, designed by John W. Cross. It will be placed in the Yale University athletic fields. A more fitting place for it could not have been found, for Walter Camp's influence for clean sport can scarcely be overestimated. His life was devoted to the cause of physical training, and he was the author of a number of books, including "Walter Camp's Handbook on Health and How to Keep It" and "Football Without a Coach," published by D. Appleton & Co.

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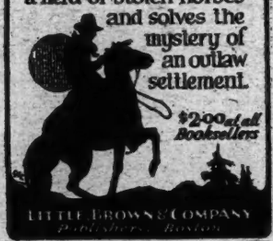

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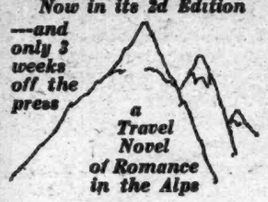

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Notes on Rare Books

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of an author's works implied, at a time not long past, that that author's work on earth was done. The process of literary embalming known as bibliography was then a fairly safe one, and was, on many occasions, accurate and complete. But in these, our own times—an impatient age—many a living author has achieved the fame of being bibliographed—if we may coin a word for which there is some need. After that, it is generally understood, that author is to be treated as a classic. His works are to be placed on inaccessible shelves, or "collected" in yards of morocco-bound volumes, and receive the tribute of full-page newspaper advertisements, with thrilling headlines.

There is a practical advantage in check-lists, &c., of living writers if the compiler has the assistance of the author himself. This was done in the recent bibliography of Shaw, and it appears to be accurate. And there is much to be said in favor of a bibliography of a writer who has produced so abundantly as Richard Le Gallienne. In the sixty years of his life he has held a feverish and prolific pen, so that the "Bibliographical Checklist" of his writings, compiled by R. J. C. Lingel with an introduction by Temple Scott, contains nearly a hundred entries, of which seventy-four are by Le Gallienne alone. This volume, apparently limited to 151 copies, has been reprinted from the "Americana Collector," and is for sale by the G. D. Smith Book Company ($2.75 in boards).

It is, as its title proclaims, a check-list, without those literary flourishes dear to the hearts of the more animated bookmen and collectors. It conforms to the conventional requirements of such bibliographies, and it is a practical work which should be of value to collectors of and dealers in modern "firsts."

The first of Le Gallienne's dated works is "My Ladies' Sonnets," 1887, privately printed; thereafter followed "Volumes In Folio," 1889; "George Meredith," 1890, and "The Book Bills of Narcissus," 1891. Perhaps his most famous piece is "The Quest of the Golden Girl," 1896. No English edition of this appeared until the third American edition was issuing from the press. Because of a number of passages of a frank nature John Lane withheld publication of it in England until it had been tried out on our hardier and more primitive Americans. When he finally published it, it is said that it was his most successful venture. "If I Were God," London, 1897, is listed as an extremely rare book in cloth; another rarity is "Grant Allen" (New York), 1900, which was a pirated first edition.

***

AMERICAN collectors have up to this time set no extravagant value on Le Gallienne "firsts," and his books, or manuscripts for that matter, may be acquired by the exchange of comparatively few shekels. The late Maecenas of contemporary writers, John Quinn, had a number of original manuscripts of Le Gallienne, of which "The Gentlemen Martyrs" brought the highest price, $40; the first English or American editions, uninscribed, sold for $1 to $7.

Mr. Scott's preface, which is a most friendly tribute to Le Gallienne, is essentially a reminiscence and a slice of biography. One critical passage may be quoted here from it for its interest to Le Gallienne collectors:

> Not all of his writings are of equal merit. If some are the mere pretty flaneurings of the literary boulevardier, many are of a quality that will abide long after most of the popular favorites of his day will have been lost in the wastes of time. But all, good or less good, are couched in the language of the nobler traditions of English literature. If Le Gallienne has not the creative imagination of the poet, he has the poet's enthusiasm for the beauty of words as an expression of art, and he has also his high sense of responsibility in manifesting that beauty. The high deed may not always have been achieved, but the high purpose is always felt.

Charles Vale, whose introductory notes in the Quinn catalogue has endowed those volumes with a rich literary flavor, has a thing or two to say well worth repeating:

> Le Gallienne has had a long career, has known men with magic names like R. L. S. and Oscar Wilde, has seen movements die, and skies change, and youth grow old at last. But few writers have done such consistently fine work, in both poetry and prose, at all times It is a delight to read and reread him; to look back, and look forward. His prose has the mellowness of the great masters, the perfect word, the exact image—and some scent of flowers from the poet's secret garden. His poetry, perhaps, has never reached the higher heights of austerity, vision, or sheer ivresse; but it has never ceased to move on its own levels, with its own unfailing charm. Richard Le Gallienne should rank as a really fine essayist, a critic of rare distinction, and a singer of haunting songs.

***

THE dear public, who have such a natural inquisitiveness about their dearer authors, rarely concern themselves about what these authors read, or what books they collect. Such matters do not make for gossip, and they lack that tang of life and that interest which may be found in accounts of what the author wears, eats, and does on his Sundays off. But book collectors, who are quite superior beings in these matters, will exhibit a nice curiosity over the libraries of their favorite authors. For that reason (and we only write for these superior beings) they may be interested to know that a considerable portion of the library of the late Sir Sidney Lee has been withdrawn from its former home and is now recorded in catalogue No. 278 of W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Antiquarian Booksellers, Cambridge, England.

It is a truism which bears repeating that authors, for the most part, are not good book collectors. Their libraries are composed of worn and tattered volumes in inexpensive editions, pencil-marked, dog-eared and, according to their own tastes, water, coffee, or gin-stained. We know a book from Lamb's library which has stains pronounced by the most unimpeachable authorities to be gin!

A number of reasons have been assigned for the fact that authors are rarely bibliomaniacs. They are only too often poor; their sense of possession is not strong; they are superior to "hobbies," or they are afflicted with that tragic sense of the futility of life that makes the collecting of anything so wasteful and so stupid. But if these things be often true of writers of novels and dramas and poetry, it is not always true of historians and critical students. They have a measure of practicality and knowledge and love of old things that sometimes makes them first-rate book collectors.

Sir Sidney Lee's library was essentially that of a student, but he did manage to acquire a number of interesting and occasionally rare books. We do not know how much of his library may have been reserved by his family, or how many "unrecorded" first folios may be lurking in his cellar. One turns to Shakespeare first in this dealer's catalogue, and finds that the books listed under that head have only a nominal commercial value. And his earliest edition of Bacon is the common "Sylva Sylvarum," ninth edition, 1670. But Sir Sidney probably never felt the need of actual possession of original editions of Shakespeare or Bacon. The greatest of such rarities were familiar to his hand.

The more interesting books from his library, recorded in Heffer's catalogue, appear to be:

> Aristotle, Le Roy [Loye, called Regius], Aristotle's Politiques, 1598.
>
> Breton, Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania, 1653.
>
> Brooke, Lord Fulke, Workes, 1633.
>
> Digges, Thomas. An Arithmeticall Warlike Treaties named Stratioticos, London, by Richard Field, 1590.
>
> [Lewkenor, Sir L.] Estate of English Fugitives [in] Spaine, 1595.
>
> Randolph, Poems, Oxford, 1638, orig. vellum.
>
> Tofte, Honours Academie, 1610.

Ford Madox Ford has been spending most of the past few months in Dijon, France, putting the finishing touches to his new novel, "A Man Could Stand Up," the manuscript of which was recently delivered to his publishers, Albert & Charles Boni. The book will be published in September.

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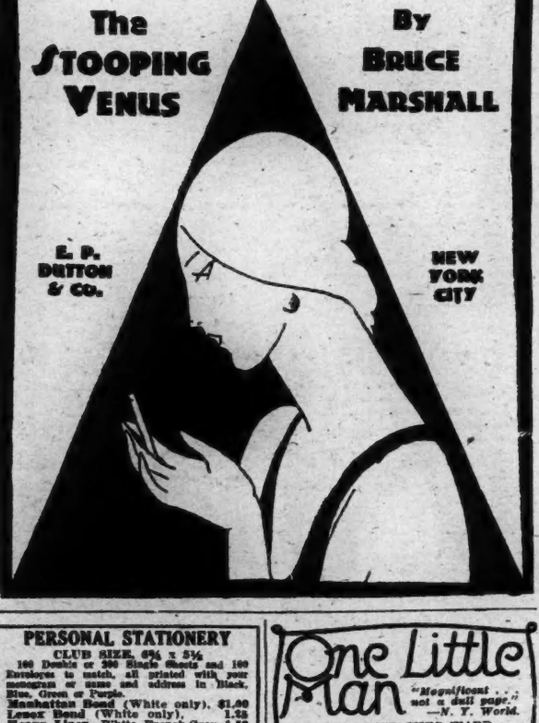

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Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES *receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers,* NEW YORK TIMES. *They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.*

QUERIES

"How Salt His Food"

M. A. D.—Can you tell me who is the author of the following lines:

Yea, thou shalt learn how salt his food who fares
Upon another's bread; how steep his path,
Who climbs another's stairs.

And also these lines:

Thy nobleness hath taught me
To master my despair.

"Florence Fairbrook"

M. L. R.—Who is Florence Fairbrook? Will any one give me information about the author of the following lines or tell me where I will find other poetry written by her:

FIFTH AVENUE.

They stand, leashed to the curb,
Held at bay by that upraised hand
Endowed by law.
Their thoughts? winged birds,
Let loose from cages,
Flying to heights of love;
To depths of lust and hate;
To calm rivers of content
And mediocre planes of sureness
That bed and board will be their portion.

So, in the pause, and seeming quiet,
They vibrate life,
As death is life and life is death.

"Ashes"

L. H.—I should like to locate a poem, the title of which, I believe, is "Ashes." It contains these lines:

But now my heart (or life) is lonely,
Lonely as the desert moon.
O God, why did you show me Heaven only
To crumble my heart and destroy my paradise so soon?

I should also like to find a poem which is a sequel to Walter Foss's "The House by the Side of the Road." It is about a man who says he wants to be on the road and give a helping hand to man.

Will some one let me have a copy of "My Dad's Dinner Pail"? I do not know the name of the author.

"The Thirsting Rose"

C. M.—Can you tell me the title and the author of the poem in which the following lines occur?

Who knows, who knows
But in this perfect place
Of peace, of parting's pain,
Where I have touched
Your lips, your face,
But we shall come again,
You as the thirsting Rose,
And I the Rain!

"Dolly's Head"

Mrs. E. R.—Perhaps you can help me find an old English nursery rhyme that my governess used to recite to me. I remember only one stanza; there must be four, as far as I remember. It runs like this:

Suppose, my little lady, your doll would break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter to take it as a joke
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's head and not your head that broke?

"Grand and Awful Time"

C. W. P.—Will you or some one of your readers give the complete verse and name of the author of a song or hymn containing some lines similar to the following:

We are living, we are moving
In a grand and awful time;
Age on age revealing
* * * * *

The three lines quoted are probably not exact, but I saw the full verse, I am quite sure, several years ago, I believe the hymn was written about the time of our Civil War.

"Meeting and Parting"

S. R.—Can you tell me where the following line occurs and who wrote it?

Life is but a meeting and a parting.

"The Light That Lies"

I. W. C.—Will you, or some of your readers, kindly tell me who wrote of "The light that lies in woman's eyes, and lies, and lies, and lies," also where it appears? What was it that Elbert Hubbard said about buying "hyacinths to feed thy soul"?

Who wrote about "Time and the gods and some wandering star," and where? I shall be very grateful if you will locate these quotations, which have been teasing me for months.

"Old Man in the Woods"

J. W. F.—Can you assist me in finding the poem, also the name of the author if possible, from which I quote from memory part of the first and last stanzas. I fancy it is English in its origin and at least sixty years old. These are the lines I remember:

There was an old man who lived in the woods
As you can plainly see,
Who said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

He swore by all the stars in the heaven
And all the leaves on the tree
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

He swore by all the leaves on the trees
And all the stars in heaven
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

"Carroll and Moylan"

P. C. M.—Can you locate for me the complete poem or speech in defense of the Roman Catholic Church or School (I do not remember which) that contained the lines:

Carroll and Moylan spoke for us—
And again:
And yet they call us aliens—
And yet they doubt our faith, &c.

"Each Man Know Himself"

P. L. S.—Can you tell me who wrote the following:

Let each man know himself
Before he judges his neighbor.

"Christmas"

M. S.—I am very anxious to place, if possible, the following quotation, which I have seen ascribed to Dickens, although I have been unable to find it in any of his Christmas books:

Christmas would not be Christmas without the happy interchange of greetings.

"No Disillusions"

N. F.—Who is the author of the beautiful quotation I find on the title page of "Around the World With Kipling"?

Blessed is the man who finds no disillusions when brought face to face with a revered writer.

"Far Out of Sight"

C. A. F.—The following is one of my late husband's favorite quotations:

Far out of sight where memory doth enshroud us,
Lies that fair city in which our hearts abide.
And of its bliss there is naught more wondrous told
Than these few words: "Thou shalt be satisfied."

Please tell me who wrote it and whether I have quoted it correctly.

"All the Way Up"

J. A. K.—Can some one help me locate a Rosetti quotation concerning one's progress through life. It runs about like this:

And is the road all the way up?
Yea, all the way up, unto the very end.

ANSWERS

"Thy Hourly Victory"

TED OLSON, Casper, Wyo.—The poem for which T. J. D. asks in your issue of July 18 is "The Great Misgiving," by William Watson. It may be found in the "Oxford Book of English Verse"—No. 854. I am enclosing a copy.

The poem may also be found in Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse." It is too long to quote in full here, but the stanza to which T. J. D. refers, the last stanza in the poem, reads:

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory.
And there, O death, thy sting.

A complete copy has been forwarded to T. J. D.

"A World's Desire."

MRS. ISABEL V. JENKINS, Rome, N. Y.—The lines headed "A World's Desire," asked for by E. B. H. in your issue of July 18, 1926, are from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Section LXIV. They can be found in any edition of Tennyson's poems. President Garfield, when he was a member of Congress, recited the whole in memory of Abraham Lincoln. It might well have been written about Lincoln, though, of course, it was not.

A copy of this section of "In Memoriam," furnished by Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., has been sent to our correspondent.

"The Tapestry Weavers"

E. N. ROOT, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The poem, "The Tapestry Weavers," wanted by E. V. McK. (July 11), is given in full below:

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

By the Rev. Dr. Anson G. Chester.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—
no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry
weavers on the other side of the
sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs,
they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly move
their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing beside of
the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side ever-
more, but works for the right side
ever.

It is only when the weaving stops,
and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that
his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty,
how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was
ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden
hire, and giveth him praise as
well,
And how happy the heart of the
weaver is no tongue but his own
can tell.

The years of man are the looms of
God, let down from the place of
the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the
mystic web is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
each for himself his fate—
We may not see how the right side
looks, we can only weave and
wait.

But, looking above for the pattern,
no weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven,
the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour
forever and always in sight
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,
his weaving is sure to be right.

And when the work is ended, and the
web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Mas-
ter, it shall say unto him, "Well
done!"

And the white-winged angels of
Heaven, to bear him thence, shall
come down;
And God shall give him gold for his
hire—not coin but a glowing
crown!

A number of readers answered this request, not a few of whom sent in copies of the poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

"A Fairy Tale"

MISS RIVA COHEN, Westmount, Quebec.—The fairy tale asked for by C. H. B. in your issue of July 11 is entitled "The Castle in the Lough," by Mrs. Molesworth.

Ruth Adams (age 12), Floral Park, L. I., writes that the legend can be found in the back of a book entitled "The Cuckoo Clock," by Mrs. Molesworth, published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. R. W. Harris, Winston-Salem, N. C., also answered this appeal.

"The Quitter."

HELEN W. JOHNSON, New York City.—Answering W. C. H. in your issue of July 18, 1926, as to "The Quitter," it was written by Robert W. Service, and can be found in a volume of poems entitled "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." The line "If you can keep your head when all about you" was written by Kipling and is the first line of his poem "If."

A great many of our readers have answered this query, nearly all of them identifying the line quoted as from Kipling, and not a few recalling the Service poem as well. Several of them sent copies of the poems. A copy of each has been sent to our correspondent.

"Three Cheers for the Dead."

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, Boston, Mass.—The poem described by R. A. S., July 18, is "The Revel: East India," by Bartholomew Dowling (1823-1863), a native of Ireland; he was clerk to the Treasurer of the Corporation of Limerick and also served in the British Army, subsequently coming to the United States. He died in San Francisco.

The poem was inspired by the ravages of the plague in a British garrison in India; stationed at an isolated post, after the appearance of the cholera plague they were unable to leave, so the officers abandoned themselves to the spirit of revelry, resolving to crowd into their last

(Continued on Page 23)

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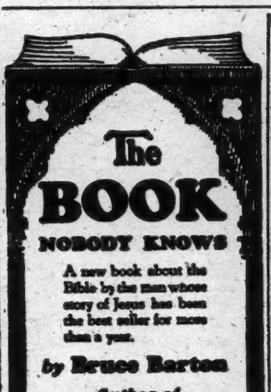

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By John Erskine

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DODD MEAD

The Exquisite Perdita

Queries and Answers

(Continued from Page 20)

hours all the merriment at their command.

"The Revel" will be found on pages 2566-2568 of the third edition of Burton E. Stevenson's Home Book of Verse; pages 109-111 of Robert Frothingham's spirited anthology, "Songs of Men," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, and pages 101-102 of E. C. Stedman's Victorian Anthology. There are eight eight-line stanzas, beginning:

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes;
One to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

R. Gordon Reed, Waverly, N. Y., informs us that this poem may be found under the title "The Song of the Dying," in "Poems That Have Helped Me," collected and compiled by S. E. Kiser. A number of other correspondents have answered this query, and several of them have supplied copies of the poem, one of which has been sent to the inquirer.

"Judas Iscariot."

ERNEST G. GOULD, Seneca Falls, N. Y.—F. L. T.'s inquiry in your issue of July 18, 1926, probably refers to "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," a long poem by W. W. Story, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The same information comes from E. A. Tingley, Pawtucket, R. I. Miss Louella D. Everett suggests that the poem wanted may be "The Mission of Judas," by J. H. Barnes, or perhaps Robert Buchanan's long poem, "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot," beginning,

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood; . . .

The latter poem may be found in Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," and in E. C. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology." A copy of "The Mission of Judas" has been sent to our correspondent.

"My Church."

MISS MARTHA MOREHOUSE, Fairfield, Conn.—The poem asked for by C. B. McL. in your issue of July 18, 1926, may be William Cullen Bryant's "A Forest Hymn," beginning, "The groves were God's first temples." It may be found in any collection of Bryant's collected poems.

W. H. McGrath, Livingston Manor, N. Y., and several other readers also identify the poem as Bryant's. A. C. Harrigan, New York City, suggests that the poem wanted may be Christopher Morley's "The Church of Unbent Knees," a copy of which he sends. It may be found in a collection of Morley's poems entitled "Chimney Smoke." V. J. Arts, Chicago, Ill., thinks that C. B. McL. may refer to a poem of Robert Southey's, entitled "Go Thou to the House of Prayer." Henry Wheeler, Troy, N. Y., sends us a poem, "The Outdoor Church," by Eva Keane, which may be the one wanted. And Charles H. Richter, New York City, sends this quotation from a speech by Robert G. Ingersoll: "I belong to the Great Church which holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light the germs of good in every soul."

"By Swinburne."

MRS. G. C. WILLIAMS, South Hamilton, Mass.—The lines quoted by L. S. T. in your issue of July 25, 1926, are the thirty-sixth stanza of a poem by Swinburne called "Felise." They are in the first series of his "Poems and Ballads." Mrs. George L. White, Waterbury, Conn., found the poem in a volume entitled "Laus Veneris," published by Carleton, New York, in 1870. A. E. Draham, Brooklyn, N. Y., tells us that it may be found in "Swinburne's Poems," published by Bont & Liveright, New York. And Miss N. P. Hamilton, Jersey City, N. J., tells of finding it in "Little Blue Book," No. 781, published by E. Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kan. The poem is much too long to be printed here.

"From Disraeli."

JOHN MEYLERT MULLIN, Slingerlands, N. Y.—W. L.'s request in your issue of July 18, 1926, probably refers to Disraeli's reply to O'Connell's taunting:

Yes, I am a Jew, and when the ancestors of the right honorable gentleman were brutal savages in an unknown island mine were priests in the temple of Solomon.

Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., gives the same information and adds that United States Senator Judah Peter Benjamin answered a taunt from a Senator of German extraction in these words: "The gentleman will please remember that when his half-civilized ancestors were hunting the wild boar in the forests of Silesia mine were the Princes of the earth."

The Disraeli quotation is given in a slightly different form by Harry Schwartz, Bridgeport, Conn. R. V. Corcoran, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., also gives the quotation from Senator Benjamin.

"The Men That God Made Mad."

ALBERT L. RABB, Indianapolis, Indiana.—The inquiry by E. W. D. in your issue of July 18, 1926, is for "The Ballad of the White Horse," by Gilbert Keith Chesterton. The specific lines referred to by him appear in the John Lane edition of 1916 as follows:

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad
For all their wars are merry
And all their songs are sad.

This query was answered to the same effect also by "Bibliotaph," Providence, R. I., and others.

Latest Books

(Continued from Page 21)

THE STORY OF STEEL. By J. Bernard Walker. 8vo. New York: Harper & Bros. $4.

A non-technical account of the operating methods of the steel industry from the ore mine to the sale of the finished product.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. By Percival White. 8vo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

An introduction to business.

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HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM. By Edith Abbott. 8vo. Chicago, Ill.: University of Chicago. $4.50.

A collection of documents covering the period of the so-called "Old Immigration" up to the year 1882.

THE UNITED STATES BOARD OF TAX APPEALS. By Charles D. Hamel. 8vo. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. $10.

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A timely study of Great Britain's prevailing economic ills.

THE WAGE POLICIES OF LABOR ORGANIZATIONS IN A PERIOD OF INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION. By Vertrees J. Wyckoff. Pamphlet. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press. $1.

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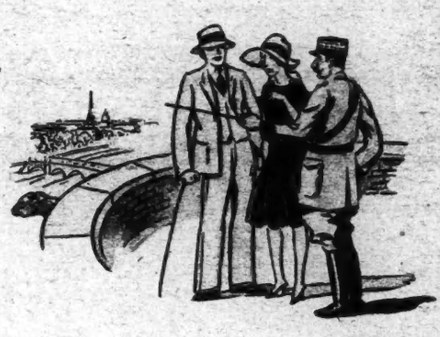

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